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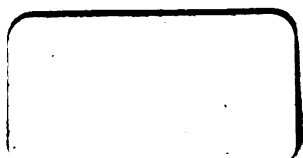
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PATRON'S EDITION.

*This edition is limited to 250 subscribers' copies,
of which this is number 76.*

Inscribed for

By
George F. Viner

ROOSEVELT
A Study in Ambivalence



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*Inscribed for
George Sylvester Viereck
with the good wishes of
Theodore Roosevelt-*

ROOSEVELT

A STUDY IN AMBIVALENCE

BY
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

AUTHOR OF
"NINEVEH AND OTHER POEMS," "THE CANDLE AND
THE FLAME," "CONFESSIONS OF A BARBARIAN"
ET CETERA



NEW YORK
JACKSON PRESS, INC.

1919



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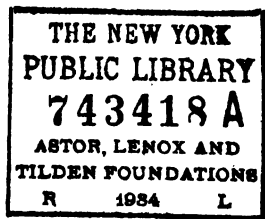
NEW YORK

JACKSON PRESS, INC.

1919

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BY

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

PROVERB
SILVER
AND GOLD

To my Wife
Margaret Edith Viereck

NEVER on the winning side,
Always on the right —
Vanquished, this shall be our pride
In the world's despite.

Let the oily Pharisees
Purse their lips and rant,
Calm we face the Destinies:
Better "can't" than cant.

Bravely drain, then fling away,
Break, the cup of sorrow!
Courage! He who lost the day
May have won the morrow.

Apologia Pro Vita Sua



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George Sylvester Viereck.



HIS book, dear reader, will be a delightful secret between us. It will not be reviewed in the American press. It will not even be mentioned. My psycho-analytic interpretation of Colonel Roosevelt contains much that is startling. It adds to the portrait of Theodore Roosevelt a line here and there that cannot be erased by the relentless years, nor by their relenting historians. There is no question that I understand Theodore Roosevelt. On that point I have Mr. Roosevelt's own testimony. Nor is there any doubt that I can wield a pen. The very men who would place a Maxim silencer on my poor efforts bear witness to that fact, unless their own literary verdicts were indeed scraps of paper. Nevertheless, in the present instance, the voice of the reviewer will be hushed. There may be, now and then, a quotation from one of the Colonel's letters to me. There may be, here and there, a slur. But no honest criticism.

How account for this phenomenon? Is it because the Poetry Society of America has revoked my poetic

license? No, that is not the reason. Is it because I am excommunicated from the ranks of the Authors' League? In fact, if newspaper accounts may be trusted, its devotees are pledged never to utter the name of Viereck. "It is understood," one of the judges of the vehmic court confided to a reporter of a New York daily with a Paris edition, "that hereafter no member of the Authors' League of America will mention Mr. Viereck's name again, nor refer to him or his writings in any way. Let the request be made to newspapers to follow a similar course. With his expulsion from the Authors' League and the record of that expulsion, his name becomes taboo."

This mediaeval sentence sends no shudders down my spine. It carries no pontifical weight. New York is not Canossa. The little popes of the Authors' League have no influence beyond their door mat. The true cause for the reticence of the press where this book is concerned lies deeper. It is not due to fear of the authorities. I have no quarrel with that Past-Master of Censorship, the Postmaster-General. The Government of the United States finds no fault in me. In fact, Government agencies co-operated with me in several undertakings throughout the war. The Federal Government bears no blame. It is the Invisible Government that interdicts this book.

THERE are those who pooh-pooh this assertion. "You," they say, "court unpopularity. Your egotism (Narcissus Complex, in the parlance of Freud) has offended many." True, I have enemies. But I also have friends. Le Gallienne called me "The marvellous boy who perished in conceit." "The marvellous boy who conquered in his pride," rejoined William Ellery Leonard. Self-assertion is no handicap. Impudence has its uses. I was not for that reason denied a hearing. My faults are assets. They are not responsible for the embargo on legitimate criticism.

I have strayed far from the common path to confound the Philistines. Do you think they ostracized me for that? Oh, no! The poor dears were grateful. I defied their conventions in prose and verse. My "Game at Love," revolutionary even now, was a daring experiment in 1906. It is the precursor of many plays that now fill the little theaters, although its miniature dramakins, written like Hardy's "Dynasts" and Byron's "Manfred" for mental performance, were actually produced only in Japan.

My Muse need not rouge her lips in order to meet the challenge of Swinburne's. "Nineveh," "The Candle and the Flame," and "Songs of Armageddon," cannot be accused of being anæmic. "Leaves of Grass" may be more starkly naked. It is not more audacious. Perhaps my probe sinks in too deep for the comprehension of middle-class intellects. My vocabulary alone suffices

to save me from the fate of Theodore Dreiser, whose masterly novel, "The Genius" is still on the index. The libido of the Comstockians is limitless. Their verbal paucity is astonishing. Their dictionary hardly surpasses that of infantile mural decorators. My sins against Mrs. Grundy are not held against me. Mrs. Grundy secretly loves me. She absolves me because she does not understand me.

"**P**ERHAPS," one of my readers urges, "the writers of America do not forgive you for descending from Parnassus into the arena of politics. Poetry and politics are uncongenial companions." In these days even the shoemaker is a syndicalist. He no longer sticks to his last. Must the poet stick to his lyre? Who shall say that H. G. Wells, Henri Barbusse, and Romain Rolland have no share in shaping the destiny of mankind? The typewriter is mightier than the machine gun. Logic, more potent than Busy Berthas. Time turns the old days to derision. An academician in the White House gives a new twist to the history of the world. Two intellectuals, Lenine and Trotzky, are making the most stupendous experiment in the evolution of human freedom, an experiment involving one hundred and fifty million people. A third-rate novelist is premier of France.

The greatest living playwright, deserting the boards for the time being, teaches statesmen straight think-

ing. The world's greatest pianist is molding the fate of Poland. A minor poet, Kurt Eisner, was the first dictator of the Bavarian Republic. A great poet fanned Italy's martial fervor. D'Annunzio did his utmost to embroil his country in war. I, in my humble way, did my utmost to keep my country at peace. D'Annunzio succeeded. I failed. He is proud of his efforts. I am not ashamed of mine. History may grant me a footnote in the annals of the Great War. That is no reason why Literature should not give me a chapter in hers. No, politics is not responsible for the attempt to excommunicate me.

TENDER souls may feel aggrieved because, forsooth, no political movement can be carried on without funds. The most fetching sonnet will not pay for a two-cent stamp. Printers insist on cold cash. In that respect they differ in no way from the Chinaman. "No money, no washee." The most fiery rhetoric cannot fill one pay envelope. Landlords are singularly unsympathetic. Fighting, almost single-handed, against the greatest combination of political power and finance ever aggregated in one camp, I turned for assistance to those to whose interest it was to help me. Is a reformer insincere because he accepts campaign contributions? Is Billy Sunday a hypocrite if he grants his flock the privilege of contributing

towards the expenses of his attempt to make the world safe for Jesus?

Before America entered the war, as Dr. Edmund von Mach pointed out in a hearing before the Propaganda Investigating Committee of the United States Senate, there was in this country an official German Propaganda, exactly as there was an official American Propaganda in England during the Civil War, when Lincoln sent Thurlow Weed, Senator Evarts, and Henry Ward Beecher across the ocean to keep our British cousins neutral. Count Bernstorff, like President Wilson, labored to maintain peace. In addition, there was a propaganda of American citizens, many, but not all, of German descent, who believed that it was to the interest of America to remain aloof from European entanglements. The amount appropriated for the purpose of the so-called German Propaganda was pitiful, compared with the enormous sums lavished by its opponents under the leadership of Lord Northcliffe and Sir Gilbert Parker.

German Propaganda was a direct descendant of British Propaganda. The relation between the two is that of cause and effect. The one necessarily gave birth to the other. It was a method adopted, for solely patriotic reasons, by many Americans to combat British domination in American life. Some fight the Devil with Holy Water. Others prefer to fight fire with fire. A combination of both modes of procedure suggests

itself to the judicious. British Propaganda is a chronic disease of the American body politic. In 1914 it became epidemic. It is a subject that thrusts itself upon us again and again in the course of this diagnosis. The so-called German Propaganda almost succeeded, against tremendous odds and wellnigh invincible obstacles, in its object, to keep us out of war. Its failure in the end was due to the inept declaration of unrestricted submarine warfare by the German Government and to the preposterous Zimmermann note. German Propaganda, in other words, was defeated, not in Washington, but in Berlin.

In spite of its restricted expenditures, this campaign had to be financed. I printed and distributed millions of pamphlets. The postage alone would have swallowed my royalties. I would gladly have sacrificed my entire fortune to propitiate the powers that made for war. Yet all I have in the world would have hardly sufficed to pay the printer's bill for one week. The other side probably expended ten dollars to our one! These facts are matters of common knowledge. The objection to this phase of propaganda is the rankest hypocrisy. The reason for the grievance against me lies deeper still.

WHAT is that? My pro-Germanism? Fiddlesticks! My championship of Germany did not, at first, tell against me. I never concealed my German

affiliations. While I was still in my teens the late Professor Hugo Muensterberg, of Harvard, introduced me to the Boston Authors' Club as "Germany's first contribution to American literature." Julia Ward Howe, the president of the club, did not remonstrate with the professor. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, who presided that evening, received me into his bosom; and that oracle of New England, the Boston "Transcript," proclaimed my talents "a gift straight from the gods."

"The splendid heritage of two languages has fallen to me from a German father and an American mother," I proudly proclaimed in the preface to "Nineveh." In the preface to the "Candle and the Flame," I describe at length my first experience as an American Exchange Poet at the University of Berlin. In the "Confessions of a Barbarian," I portray myself as a young American barbarian who for the first time finds himself face to face with *Kultur*. The book is a panegyric on Germany. Nevertheless, it was greeted with shouts of approval from the majority of its American critics.

Even my tribute to the Kaiser, "O Prince of Peace, O Lord of War" (published in the "Songs of Armageddon"), was widely acclaimed and universally reprinted. Perhaps the public was prepared for my dithyrambic praise of the Kaiser by the rhapsodies of Nicholas Murray Butler on the same subject. May I not here make a belated acknowledgment of my indebtedness to President Butler? His enthusiasm was in-

fectious. My Muse merely lisped in numbers the echoes of his strain. This acknowledgment discharges my obligation. Baked, like some hapless antediluvian fossil, in the lava of my eloquence, his name may escape oblivion.

BUT what of Ireland? Many who would forgive Pro-Germanism in me, resented my solicitude for Irish Independence. They confound American patriotism with loyalty to Great Britain. All the little John Bullocks shuddered when I took John Bull by the horns. They deny he has horns. They playfully conceal even his cloven hoof. Uncle Sam employed in one of his bureaus Mr. Blank, a dollar-a-year man, who, in his private capacity, was the publisher of thrilling detective fiction. The war gave him the opportunity to translate his grotesque theories into practice. Eagerly he tracked the Pro-German criminal to his lair, according to the most approved methods of the infallible Hawshaw. When facts failed him, he drew upon his inexhaustible imagination. German-Irish plots were his dearest hobby. Eventually the activities of this amateur detective became embarrassing to the authorities. He was removed to a field where his talents as a spinner of dime-novel yarns were unable to jeopardize the good name of the Government and the lives of his fellow men.

Mr. Blank, at an informal hearing where I appeared as a matter of courtesy to the Government, was suddenly sprung upon me. He had been glaring at me ferociously for over an hour. I consented to answer a few questions from him, but objected to the offensiveness of his manner. He humbly apologized and promised to be as tender with me "as a mother with her suckling babe." He succeeded in repressing his natural inclinations until the question of Ireland was raised. "Have you," he roared, "met Sir Roger Casement?" I regretted that I had not had the honor. "But," I said, "I have dedicated a poem to him." "Don't you *know* that he was a traitor?" he shouted. "No more," I replied, "than George Washington." If Mr. Blank was white before, he now grew whiter. In his rage he surpassed himself. Addressing me in language unfit for a bawdy house, or for quotation, he shrieked: "If you said that to me on the street I would knock you down."

Evidently this remark was made with the intention to goad me into an assault upon an officer of the law. The insult itself would have been brazenly denied. Such a lie would have seemed a white lie to the ill-favored gangsters who were determined to "get me." Penetrating their motive, I gazed at Mr. Blank half with amazement, half with compassion. His case, to my mind, was not lacking in pathological elements. Turning to the official under whose auspices the hearing was os-

tensibly taking place, I remarked with the lift of an eyebrow, "This is hardly parliamentary language," and demanded protection from insult. Needless to say, the incident was stricken from the record. I choose to preserve it here. What is more, I shall also cite my poem in commemoration of Ireland's bloodiest Easter :

THE STING

IN MEMORY OF PADRAIC PEARSE AND
ROGER CASEMENT

*Not all the blood on Stephen's Green they shed,
Thy murdered Pearses, and thy Casement's fate,
Can add one fathom to thine ancient hate,
Nor make thy gaoler's gory hand more red,
For persecution is thy daily bread.
Death has no sting, since through thy dungeon's gate
Falls the first dawn. Ah, thou hast lecrned to wait,
A crown of thorns upon thy tragic head!*

*But that this land for whom thy sons have bled
As for their own, forgetful of her dead,
Unto the foe betrayed both thee and them,
That one amongst us played the Judas part,
Blots out the stars in Freedom's diadem,
And drives a knife in every freeman's heart.*

THESE lines were inspired by John Devoy's statement that Sir Roger Casement and Padraic Pearse were betrayed to the English hangman by a denaturalized American citizen. The emotion of the poem is genuine, even if the information should prove to be spurious. I hope Mr. Blank will paste this sonnet in his scrap-book. Or, if he has no scrap-book, let him deposit it in his pipe, and smoke it. I am discussing my altercation with Mr. Blank, not because the incident is of intrinsic importance, but because it is typical of the Reign of Terror induced in every part of the country by lawless private agencies abusing specious or borrowed authority to torture and bulldoze American citizens. Wrapped in the flag the repressed Sadism of generations found its release in brutal persecution. Many months later, I made the amazing discovery that Mr. Blank, the publisher, as distinguished from Mr. Blank, the sleuth, had sold the imprint of his firm for the publication of a German Propaganda book. It was an excellent book. It went straight to the mark. A bull's-eye shot.

Perhaps, unconsciously, Mr. Blank was a violent Irish-German sympathizer. Here, too, we may find that element of ambivalence of which we shall hear more anon. For I can hardly believe that the passage of German money, involving about five hundred dollars, would have been sufficient in itself to overcome Mr. Blank's moral scruples. Undaunted by my experience with Mr. Blank, I remained a champion of Self-Deter-

mination for Ireland. This attitude doubled the number of my foes. It infuriated many Blanks. The green, white and orange flag of the Irish Republic produces on them the psychological effect of a red rag on members of that family, noted more for its powers of multiple mastication than for its intelligence, of whom Pythagoras slaughtered one hundred when he robbed the hypothenuse of its secret. Since that time, as Heine observes, all bovines tremble when a new truth is discovered. Nevertheless, even my love for Ireland does not account for the rancor of my opponents.

NEITHER my Pro-Germanism nor my Gaelic affiliations are responsible for the boycott of my Muse. My real offence, surprising as this may seem, is nothing less than my Americanism. When I adopted the motto, "America First and America Only," my goose was cooked. Cooked? Toasted brown would be more correct. The constant chatter about German Propaganda is intended to distract our attention from another, far more formidable, propaganda. This propaganda began in 1776. It has continued to the present day.

Benedict Arnold was the first of a long line of propagandists. The torch of Toryism passed from hand to hand. In 1820 a Higginson in Boston headed a movement for the secession of Massachusetts from the Union, with the object of rejoining the "Mother

Land." The secret will of Cecil Rhodes* makes definite provisions for a campaign to regain the "Lost Colonies." Huge Foundations support this movement with more than a king's ransom. It appears in many protean disguises.

Corps of writers, editors, lecturers, university presidents, corporation lawyers, professors and poets, all "dupes and tools of foreign influence," are the mummies in this puppet show. The ebbs and tides of American politics reflect merely different phases of one gigantic purpose. Now silent, now vociferous, now covert, now in the open, it never ceases and never sleeps. If my sins had been seventy times seven, they would have been shriven. What could not be passed over nor condoned was my reiteration of the Declaration of Independence.

"True," I said, "I am of German blood. I am proud of my ancestry. I desire to interpret what is best in the land of my fathers to the land of my children. But America is first in my heart. The American of tomorrow must not be a Germanized American, and he shall not be an Englishman. Let him take from Germany and from England and from all lands whatever gifts there be, but let him place all in the lap of Columbia."

* For more information on this remarkable document, consult "The Life of the Right Hon. Cecil Rhodes," by Sir Lewis Mitchel, Vol. I, chapter VI, page 689.

MY eyes are not blinded by the prejudices of race. I am willing to look beyond the confines of nationality. Gladly would I swear fealty to a Parliament of Man, but I refuse to take stock in a close corporation of the nations of the Entente, monopolizing land, sea and air, with John Bull in control of the majority holdings. To preach this doctrine is to commit literary suicide. It is no longer good form to admire George Washington. The power that revises our school histories (even if it cannot alter our history) places its iron fist upon the mouths of those who promulgate the gospel of Americanism.

Our political life boasts of many apostles, preaching many divergent articles of faith. The Great Silent Government forgives all heresies save one: "Thou Shalt Have No Other Country Above America." The prophet whose sermon runs thus, his name is anathema. William Randolph Hearst, William Jennings Bryan, Robert M. La Follette, Champ Clark, James R. Mann, Daniel F. Cohalan, William Hale Thompson and Samuel Untermyer, no matter how far apart their political poles may be, are equally under the ban. Of late, something of the curse seems to have fallen even on President Wilson. And I, humble poet though I be, feel its heavy hand.

THE vengeance of the Invisible Governors reaches far. No less than forty life insurance companies refused to accept me after America entered the war, with the feeble excuse that my political views entailed too great a risk. What a comment on American democracy if this were anything but a disingenuous pretext! The Insurance Trust blacklisted me because, long before the United States joined the ranks of the belligerents, I protested in my journal against their reckless investments in the war loans of foreign nations. The "War Plotters of Wall Street," by Charles A. Collman, to which I gave circulation, exposed the secret ramifications and interlinking directorates of the insurance companies and the offices of foreign banking interests. My objections against loans by American financial institutions to the Government of the Czar were not forgotten in this connection.

To deny my family the protection of insurance was merely one mode of attack. Every obstacle was placed in the way of my business. Bookstalls, coerced and intimidated, no longer dared to display my magazines or my writings. It was made difficult for me to obtain office space in New York. My publishers, Moffat, Yard & Co., sullenly requested me to take back my books, the very books to which they owe their original prestige. In five heavy boxes, the plates of my works (both prose and verse), descended upon me. Like so many chickens, my songs came home to roost.

Mobs were inspired by insidious newspaper campaigns to menace my house in a peaceful suburb misnamed Mount Vernon. I heard the tramp, tramp, tramp of many feet. Automobiles, mounted by men in uniform, were ready to kidnap me. These things were not spontaneous. They were not begotten of war excitement. Everything was carefully, skillfully, cautiously planned.

Officials were found who, prostituting their brief authority for private political gain, poisoned the public mind, not by prosecuting me—there was no basis for prosecution—but by publishing piecemeal the distorted or perjured testimony of dismissed and discredited agents, of scoundrels and scalawags. Bureaus, hardly intended for such purposes, burnt midnight electricity at the expense of the public to encompass my ruin. My employees were alternately threatened with internment and tempted with offers of lucrative situations to bear false witness against me.

THE chief object of these machinations was to provide the press with specious charges and sinister insinuations. The Department of Justice, true to its name, resisted the pressure of my detractors. But the desired end, to discredit me, to exclude me from the work of reconstruction on an all-American basis, was, at least partly, accomplished. My efforts to aid the

Government, through the instrumentality of the Agricultural and Industrial Labor Relief, by finding work for those unfortunates whom the war had deprived of their livelihood, was represented as a diabolical scheme to gather information for the Wilhelmstrasse!

My very success was turned against me. The 6,000 applicants who were indebted to my bureau for the opportunity of earning their bread on farm or factory became 6,000 spies. Did the newspapers believe this preposterous twaddle? Of course not. They could not think so little of our Secret Service, no matter how low they may have rated my patriotism. The actual conduct of the Agricultural and Industrial Labor Relief was in the hands of an expert, Mr. Gerard M. Hessels, recommended to me by the Federal State Superintendent of the United States Employment Service for the State of New York. When the task of the Labor Relief was, in a large measure, completed, Mr. Hessels received a commission from the Department of Labor. However, no interviewer ever sought out Mr. Hessels, for the simple reason that the newspapers did not desire the facts. They preferred to obtain their information from the ex-convicts attached to the staff of a local political officeholder, hankering for notoriety and reelection.

The campaign of vilification did not stop here. My personal integrity was questioned. I was portrayed as

a selfish exploiter, a ravenous wolf in the sheep's clothes of charity. The object of these tactics was to alienate my following. Fortunately, the attempt proved futile. The Agricultural and Industrial Labor Relief published careful financial statements. Our books were open to all. But no newspaper, no official, made the slightest attempt to inquire into the truth of these charges. My replies were ignored. The figures of our expert accountants appeared nowhere except in my own magazine. My first impulse was to sue my defamers for libel. However, my attorneys had less faith in American justice under the pressure of war conditions than I had. Incidentally, it was by no means an easy task when the storm was at its height to obtain legal representation! All this seems now like an evil dream. It will seem incredible in the future.

FORTUNATELY I had an attorney who never deserted me. He was at my elbow day and night. I think that I am responsible for the touch of silver on his youthful head. It is no easy task to keep a man out of jail who insists on free speech even in times of war. The following is a literal transcript of an incident in the office of my attorney. I reprint it here not for its literary value, but because of its importance as a historical document.

The dramatic rights are not reserved.

BEYOND REDRESS

A Comedy in One Act

TIME: America Under the Terror.

PLACE: The Office of a Distinguished Attorney.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE. ATTORNEY I.

ATTORNEY II.

AN EDITOR.

EDITOR. (*Excitedly.*) They accuse me of every crime in the calendar. (*Points to a bulging envelope marked "Romeike."*) I have robbed the poor and fleeced the rich. They will next accuse me of stealing silver spoons. . . .

ATTORNEY I. Your friends won't believe these stories. Nothing that you can say will convince your enemies.

ATTORNEY II. (*Nods wisely.*)

EDITOR. But can I not sue them for libel? They attribute to me statements that I never made. They saddle me with offenses of which I am unmistakably innocent. I am not a plaster saint, but I have always held my honor inviolate. I want to vindicate it in court.

ATTORNEY II. That would be an expensive and, under the circumstances, a futile proceeding.

EDITOR. Damn the expense! They credit me with riches beyond my dreams, but if I can collect damages for all the slanders printed about me, I could retire from business.

ATTORNEY I. You will not be able to collect six cents.

EDITOR. What? Am I not to defend my reputation? My detractors have taken the most patriotic and the most unselfish thing I did in my life and turned it into a club against me.

ATTORNEY II. It will be a boomerang.

EDITOR. It may be a boomerang, but what good will that do me if the public merely sees the lump on *my* head?

ATTORNEY II. Suing newspapers is always pretty poor business. In times like these, you have no chance at all. There is an old legal maxim that for every wrong there is a redress. But that isn't true. There is no redress for some wrongs.

EDITOR. You mean to say that I must calmly submit to these villainous persecutions?

ATTORNEY I. Supposing you sue. They will put you on the witness stand. They will probe every act of your life. They will go back to the day of your birth. They may go even beyond that. The question of your innocence or your guilt will not figure at all. They will ask you: Are you a German?

EDITOR. I am an American citizen.

ATTORNEY I. They will ask you: Where were you born? Where is your father? Where is your mother? What did you say about the Lusitania? Deny, if you dare, that you once had a cup of tea with von Papen. The ghosts of your editorials will be cited against you. Every line that ever appeared in your paper will be perverted.

EDITOR. I am guilty of no disloyalty. Like many thousands, perhaps millions, of good citizens of the United

States, I did not sympathize with our present associates in the war. My allegiance is, was, and always has been, with my country, the United States.

ATTORNEY II. (*Wearily.*) I know.

EDITOR. My accusers spread all manner of false impressions by rehearsing accounts of my actions prior to April 6, 1917. But they cannot discover any act on my part that has not been absolutely loyal and patriotic.

ATTORNEY I. It makes no difference. They will create an atmosphere. They will introduce the race issue. They will beat the drum in the jury room.

ATTORNEY II. If no jury could be found to convict the murderers of Praeger, the young German who was lynched in Illinois, what jury will punish your traducers for libel?

EDITOR. It is perfectly plain that these people are attempting to undermine the faith of my readers in me in order to destroy whatever power for good I may possess now and in the future. If I cannot sue them for libel, may I not at least issue a statement that will raise hell?

ATTORNEY II. (*Puts up his hands deprecatingly.*)

EDITOR. (*Takes out a voluminous manuscript from his pocket and places it in the hands of Attorney I. The paper audibly sizzles.*)

ATTORNEY I. (*Reads the statement. A broad smile spreads over his features.*) Good for you! It's excellent!

EDITOR. I am glad you like it.

ATTORNEY I. Yes, but don't publish it.

EDITOR. Why not?

ATTORNEY I. It is not necessary to howl with the wolves, but at least give them no opportunity for howling at you. The more you have to say, the more chance you give them to get back at you.

ATTORNEY II. The channels of publicity are open to your foes. They are not open to you. Their statements are carried on the front page. How much of your statement would ever get into print?

EDITOR. But I must make a statement in justice to my readers, in justice to my followers, in justice to those who are defending my name and who are helpless unless I give them a weapon.

ATTORNEY II. (*Shakes his head.*)

ATTORNEY I. (*Thinks for a moment, then laboriously writes out a statement. He writes for several minutes. The Editor watches him with pleased expectation. Turning to Attorney II, he hisses.*) You see

ATTORNEY II. (*Looks grimly sardonic.*)

ATTORNEY I. (*Finishes the statement. He hands it to the Editor. It does not sizzle.*)

EDITOR. (*Reads it with a long face.*) Well, it is not exactly a 42-centimeter, but it is better than nothing. May I release it at once?

ATTORNEY II. (*Throws up his hands in horror.*) Such a step would be extremely injudicious. It is wise to let these attacks die out. The public will take them for their true value in time. Your friends are discounting them even now. Having followed the lies and misrepresentations in the newspapers in the last few years, they will treat the slurs upon you with the contempt they deserve. If not, they are not worth being called your friends.

EDITOR. (*Looks imploringly at Attorney I.*) But I must have my say. I am a fighter. I cannot quit.

ATTORNEY I. I am afraid I agree with my colleague. I cannot permit you to make a statement. Stay in your bombproof. This is not the advice you want from an expensive lawyer, but it is the best advice I can give you.

ATTORNEY II. (*Nods approvingly.*)

EDITOR. (*Throws up his hands in despair.*)

Curtain falls.

A VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE. What have you to say for yourself?

EDITOR. On advice of counsel, I decline to answer.

VOICE. What do you think of it all?

EDITOR. On advice of counsel, I refuse to *think*.

The lights go out. Total darkness envelopes the theatre.

DAY after day, throughout this period, I was lambasted in the press as an arch conspirator. Yet, the most cursory examination of my publication would have revealed that, months before the break, I supported the enlightened policies of President Wilson. Mr. Wilson's speech of January 22, 1917, seemed to me a new Sermon on the Mount. I advocated his Fourteen Theses. In fact, Mr. Roosevelt, in a signed statement issued shortly before his death, insisted that, outside of myself and Mr. Hearst, the President's program had no

supporters. This was, of course, untrue, but it confirms my assertion. I frequently championed Mr. Wilson's inspired doctrines even after exigencies of statecraft compelled him to abandon them. I stood up for Woodrow Wilson—even against Woodrow Wilson.

Nevertheless, the campaign against me continued merrily. Journalistic strumpets were hired to "expose" and denounce me. The Vigilantes, a band of literary war profiteers, inspired chiefly by hatred of me, issued almost daily bulls and bulletins against me. Even the poets were drawn into the conspiracy. In defiance of its own by-laws, the executive committee of the Poetry Society of America, which owes its origin to me, struck my name from its roll, without consulting the members and without permitting me to appear in my own defence. The protest of Edgar Lee Masters, Nathan Haskell Dole, William Ellery Leonard, Conrad Aiken, Witter Bynner, Padraic Colum, Shaemas O'Sheel, Jane Burr, B. Russell Herts, Rose Pastor Stokes, William Marion Reedy, and Harriet Monroe (to name only a few of my champions), were unavailing.

My expulsion from the Authors' League preceded the action of the Poetry Society. In both cases those heroic stay-at-homes, the Vigilantes, were the gatherers of the grapes of wrath. Many one-time friends were either paralyzed by fear or pliant tools in the hands

of the Invisible Government. Now that the peril is past, many of the rats are scurrying back. This, however, is a tribute, not to their loyalty, but to the seaworthiness of the vessel. My experience in this respect differs in no whit from that of other advocates of unpopular causes. In the great Ark of human life there is room for all creatures. Even rats have their place in the universe. We shall not bar them from our gang-planks, but we shall know them for what they are.

Many erstwhile admirers volunteered to rend me when the tide seemed to be turning against me. Charles Hanson Towne, who had hailed my poetry, Gertrude Atherton, who had saluted my prose, vociferously demanded my literary annihilation. I can understand the psychology of those who, under the influence of rabid racial instincts, lashed into fury by a desire for notoriety, experienced an infantile regression to barbarism. It is less easy to forgive Americans of German blood who denounced their fellow citizens in order to demonstrate their own loyalty.

A CERTAIN Hermann (with two ns) Hagedorn, like myself, the son of a German father, was more royalist than Lord Northcliffe in his devotion to England. Mr. Hagedorn's most distinguished contribution to war literature is his "Portrait of a Rat" which, if I may believe certain anonymous communications, was intended to immortalize me.

PORTRAIT OF A RAT

*A little greasy, not quite clean,
Conceited, snobbish, vain, obscene,
Like flying poison are his smiles,
And what he touches, he defiles.
A Poet, knowing Love and Art,
He makes a brothel of his heart;
A builder, gifted to build high,
He dreams in filth and builds a sty
To haggle in with foolish kings
Over the price of wit and wings.
And when his country calls her men
With gun and sword, with brush and pen,
He smirks and quotes the Crucified,
And jabs his pen-knife in her side.*

Dubious as I am of the soundness of Mr. Hagedorn's devotion to Jeffersonian principles, I am certain that it is superior to his animal lore. The most pronounced characteristic of the amiable rodent in question is its eagerness, noted above, to desert a sinking ship. Mr. Hagedorn's error may be explicable on the basis of Freud's discovery that man frequently attributes to others the fatal weakness that makes his own heart a hell. I may be guilty of many frailties, but it is not my habit to abandon my post at the wheel at the approach of an iceberg or a torpedo. I steered my maga-

zine straight through the path of the storm without throwing overboard my convictions. Had I been ready to recant, my enemies would have built for me bridges of gold. I refuse to take a blow lying down, even if the odds and the galleries are stacked against me. Knowing something of mental Jiu-Jitsu, my reply to Mr. Hagedorn assumed the form of another contribution to zoology.

PORTRAIT OF A JACKAL

*For love of ease he plays the knave;
He spits upon his father's grave.
Yea, for his masters' sport his tongue
Befouls the race from which he sprung—
While eager, oily, smooth and kempt,
He eats the crumbs of their contempt.
A beggar, lacking love and art,
He sells his malice on the mart.
He casts a eunuch's jaundiced eyes
Upon the Prophet's Paradise,
And when his country calls for men,
Gives, all he can, a—fountain pen.
His brave words hide a slacker's heart,
Informer, sneak, he chose his part,
A Jackal, ever on the run,
Save when the odds are ten to one!*

MAY I not add that this is not a portrait of Mr. Hagedorn. He is not important enough for me to waste a stroke of my brush. I merely intend to depict a type. Let him whom it fits, put this cap on his head.

Some Americans of German descent, notably a society woman who frequently bursts into print, attempt to camouflage their descent, by vicious attacks on German music and German art. They would deny the Holy Ghost if He were to approach them in German garb or with a Teutonic accent. For such as these, the course of duty is plain. They should emulate the Samurai who disembowel themselves in order to express the intensity of their convictions. Before long Fritz Kreisler, who refused to play for an audience that dubbed his countrymen "Huns," will make the violin sob and sing again. Wagner, returning from exile, will smite us with tonal tornadoes. Richard Strauss, once more, will flagellate and delight our ears. When these things come to pass, the men and women who blush for the race of their fathers should seize the occasion for an emphatic demonstration in the fearless Japanese fashion. What an appealing spectacle! What headlines! If the whole tribe were to commit hari-kiri in the Opera House to the strains of "Lohengrin" as a protest against both German music and their own German blood.

Who shall sound the perplexities of human nature? A variety of motives, not all ignoble, actuated the warfare against me. All my antagonists, however, seemed to prefer the poison pen to poison gas. There was perhaps in the psyche of some of my foes an undercurrent of jealousy, because I occupied no little space in the newspapers, and because my literary labors had not been unrewarded materially. These motives, seizing upon the unconscious, prepared the soil for the seed of intrigue. Stimulated by war psychosis, the basest incentives donned the garb of patriotism. I do not question the sincerity of my foes. I merely analyze them with a knowledge gained from the study of Freud.

ONE dear friend whose absence in those days made me catch my breath with pain was Hugo Muensterberg. Intellectually and morally he was a pillar of strength. He died a martyr to his convictions. Even his powerful constitution was unable to withstand the constant strain of public assault and private persecution. He could give and take a blow, but the betrayal of men whose friendship he had treasured wounded him deeply. For all his worldly wisdom, he had the heart of a child. We who knew him, knew how he suffered. The unspeakable outrages committed against him by men who were his debtors constitute one of the darkest chapters in the academic history of the United States.

Muensterberg was incapable of understanding baseness and ingratitude, and yet, with truly Christian spirit, he forgave those who traduced him. His last word to the world was a message of peace and good will in the Christmas number of *Fatherland* of 1916. I wonder with what feelings of shame and humiliation some of his colleagues at Harvard will remember his prophecy: "After the war men will look one another in the face with astonishment. . . . They simply will not believe that they could misjudge and maltreat their friends so grossly. The subtle power of our mind to forget will become mankind's blessing." Where others preached hatred, Muensterberg preached love. But he made no compact with wrong. Sinister influences conspired to silence him, but he was the heir of Fichte and Luther. No power on earth could make him afraid.

A German to the last he, nevertheless, understood America better than many of those whose ancestors constituted the dubious crew of Britain's younger sons in Colonial days. He had become almost a national institution. He could always make himself heard when the voices of lesser men were drowned in the tumult. His books on America are the most profound interpretation of American life. He was equally skillful in interpreting German ideas and ideals to the people of the United States. It was perhaps fortunate that he escaped the tragedy of seeing his life-work go up in the smoke of the world conflagration. The tortures to

which he was subjected by his colleagues, even before our official entrance into the war, the little meannesses of which only the professorial mind is capable, defy recital. The war would have been his crucifixion. His students loved him. But the Faculty was mediaeval in its intolerance. Every day drove a new nail into his heart.

The following verses, written immediately after Hugo Muensterberg's funeral, cannot express the depths of my feeling for him. They are a slight tribute to the great man whose genius for philosophy was equalled only by his genius for friendship.

HUGO MUENSTERBERG

*Because he loved his country he lies slain,
Tracked like a lion, for the hounds to rend.
New England, gloat above my murdered friend—
Stopped is the engine of a mighty brain!
Blood of his heart shall leave too dark a stain
On Harvard's crimson for the years to blend.
Smooth-tongued assassins, mumbling as ye bend
Above his wounds, hush! He may bleed again.
Marking afar from tender olive tree
The milk-white dove, on the blood-sickened sea.
He cast the bread whereby the soul shall live.
In ambush slain, he met a soldier's fate,
And, like a strong man, fighting knew not hate.
He has forgiven. But can we forgive?*

EVERY snub, every averted head, was a dagger thrust to Muensterberg. He found excuses for his detractors, but he lacked the resiliency to retort with a smile. My temperament is more sanguine. Abuse rolls off the wings of my Pegasus, like water from the plumage of that lowly fowl, the duck. Moreover, while poets can be malicious, they cannot hope to surpass the vindictiveness of professors. Ostracism killed Muensterberg. I did not take my expulsions tragically. I shall practice poetry even without a license. I shall follow the profession of letters even if I am outlawed by the Authors' League. I am consoled by the fact that our greatest American poets, Edgar Allan Poe and Walt Whitman, were not members of the literary coteries of their day. I feel sure that the Authors' League would seriously object to Walt Whitman. His bust in the Hall of Fame is still conspicuous solely by its absence.

Poe, like Whitman, was hounded all his life. Even after his death it took a long struggle before he was admitted to the Hall of Fame, although the name of Edgar Allan Poe is synonymous with American Poetry. The final acceptance of Poe aroused the ire of Father Tabb. Burning indignation dictated his deathless lines:

*Into your charnel house of fame
Only the dead shall go,
But write not there the living name
Of Edgar Allan Poe.*

If Mr. H. L. Mencken's suggestion that the name of the Poe family is derived from the German Pfau, should be authenticated, no doubt the Authors' League of America would clamor for the immediate expulsion of the poet from the chaste seclusion of University Heights, on the charge of Pro-Germanism. Perhaps it would be joined in this attempt by the executive committee of the Poetry Society!

However that may be, I dedicate to the Authors' League of America and divers literary societies the following verses:

*Go, play your Lilliputian game,
Ye lisping scribes and ladies lyric,
While brave men die and oceans flame!
Your victory at best is Pyrrhic;
The Future knows your Scroll of Fame
But for the expurgated name
Of George Sylvester Viereck.*

Poe, Whitman and Mark Twain suffered because of their rugged Americanism. Mark Twain, in spite of his popularity, was not permitted to express what he felt most deeply. He reserved his scorn for posthumous publication and for his correspondence. I am prepared to be an outcast in such noble company. But, like Poe and Whitman, I shall not wait until I am dead

before I voice my convictions. Even that smug heretic, Louis Untermeyer, who combines an erratic critical gift with unerring commercial instincts, in a book alleged to interpret the New Spirit in American literature, shrewdly contents himself with a sneering reference to me. I shall survive, even if I am ignored in anthologies and if little professors teach their scholars that, with the possible exception of Theodore Dreiser's, mine is "the vulgarest voice yet heard in American literature."*

IT may be that the war psychosis will not endure forever, that even our Rip Van Winkles, as Shaw has aptly termed the editors of America, may discover, in the course of a decade or two, that the war is over. It may be that the true poets of America will drive from the temple those who betray the Muse into the hands of the moneylenders. It may be that the monstrous grasp that strangles all those who, while rendering homage to Shakespeare and to Swinburne, refuse to rise when the band plays "God Save the King," will be pried loose by a miracle!

Fortunately, a writer in the English tongue (and I use more pens than one) is not confined to one continent. Life's paradoxes are more startling than Oscar Wilde's. And, paradoxically enough, war-racked

*"On Contemporary Literature," by Stuart P. Sherman.

Europe is more just in its attitude towards me than my American colleagues. Perhaps her intellectuals have a higher respect for the art of letters. Perhaps they are less swayed by the psychology of the mob.

Englishmen of letters meet my arguments without deeming it necessary to proscribe my verse. When I called England "the Serpent of the Sea," the jovial heart of Gilbert K. Chesterton shook with Homeric laughter. His brother, Cecil, who, unlike our Vigilantes, sealed his loyalty with his life, challenged me to a debate. We met in honest combat, and after it was over we shook hands and drank large jugs of ale in the tap room of the Prince George.

Israel Zangwill confesses, with his tongue in his cheek, in the "War for the World," that my *Fatherland* was one of the things that kept him pro-Ally; but he does not, because of political differences, abuse my lyrics. H. G. Wells takes me mildly to task now and then, without demanding my blonde Germanic head on a silver platter. And from France, France bled white by the war, Henri Barbusse sends me a message of appreciation!

There is a certain poetic justice and poetic irony in the fact that the countries I attacked so bitterly are more generous in judging my point of view than my own countrymen. But, hold! I never attacked the France of Maeterlinck and Barbusse, of Verlaine and Villon. I opposed French Imperialism. I also op-

posed British Imperialism. German Imperialism appealed to me no more than British Imperialism or French Imperialism. I was fascinated by the romantic figure of William II. I glorified him, but only as the symbol of a nation embattled.

I am not a monarchist. How could I be? Insurgency is bred in my bone. My father shared a German prison with Bebel. Liebknecht the elder and Auer were daily visitors to our house. My grandfather on my mother's side was one of the Germans who came to seek freedom under the Stars and Stripes in 1848. The blows I struck for Germany were not struck in defence of her feudal system. Similarly my shafts at Great Britain were never aimed at that "lyric England," to which I paid tribute in my first book of poems. Likewise, I never attacked the England of Chesterton, of Wells, of Zangwill, of Havelock Ellis, of Hardy and of Shaw.

THERE is no contemporary whom I admire more than the author of "Caesar and Cleopatra." Shaw is not only a matchless artist, but he is also, like Roosevelt, the mouthpiece of an epoch. I treasure his judgment, delivered December 1, 1918. He writes:

You backed the wrong horse in 1914, but you have extricated yourself very cleverly; and there is plenty of common sense in your present attitude.

Of course, I did not back the wrong horse. I backed the right horse, but the wrong jockey. The German people will justify my faith. When Uncle Sam entered the race, I backed both the right horse and the right jockey. I am proud that Bernard Shaw backed the same horse and the same jockey, even against Lloyd George. Of course, we must differentiate between Woodrow Wilson, the politician, and Woodrow Wilson, the spokesman of the hope of the world. The one may fail us. He may compromise. He may hedge. The other has planted a star in the firmament of mankind that even he himself cannot tear down from the heavens. It is to this star that we have hitched our wagon.*

Theodore Roosevelt, unfortunately, resolutely shut his eyes to the new vision. Though a son of the New World, he made himself the mouthpiece of Old World Imperialism. The very title by which he preferred to be addressed was borrowed from the lexicon of militarism. George Bernard Shaw, who never set foot on American soil, speaks the language of the New World's Idealism. The difference between the two is the difference between the Hebrew prophets and Jesus.

Theodore Roosevelt clamored for my expulsion from the Authors' League. George Bernard Shaw, patriotic Englishman though he be, refused to betray the allegi-

* This was written several months before Mr. Wilson's abject failure in Paris.

A MESSAGE FROM GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

10 ADELPHI TERRACE W.C.2.

10th Jan. 1917

If the Authors' League or the Poetry Society or any other organization expels a member because of his political opinions, it thereby constitutes itself a political body and violates whatever literary charter it may have. Literature, art and science are free of frontiers; and those who exploit them politically are traitors to the greatest republic in the world: the Republic of Art & Science.

G. Bernard Shaw.

ance he owes to the profession of letters. His message of January 19, 1919, needs no comment:

If the Authors' League or the Poetry Society or any other organization expels a member because of his political opinions, it thereby constitutes itself a political body and violates whatever literary charter it may have. Literature, art and science are free of frontiers; and those who exploit them politically are traitors to the greatest republic in the world: the Republic of Art and Science.

BUT I have wandered far from the subject of my discussion. Enter Theodore Roosevelt, to whom I herewith yield his accustomed place, the center of the stage. I wish, with no undue humility, that I could eliminate the first person singular from my study, but these pages owe whatever value they may possess to my personal relations with Colonel Roosevelt. The psycho-analyst, however objective he may desire to be, cannot obliterate himself. He must register his reactions. His soul is his sounding board. He cannot illuminate his subject without revealing himself. I have tried to be honest both with myself and with others. Have I succeeded? God only knows—and Freud.

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

New York, 1919.

The Bi-polarity of Theodore Roosevelt

I.



SCAR WILDE says somewhere: "‘Know thyself’ was written over the portals of the Old World. ‘Be thyself’ is written over the portals of the New." But it is impossible for man to know himself or to be himself without Psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis did not exist before Freud. Freud gave us the key to the soul. He teaches us how to know and how to be ourselves. But no one who truly knows himself can possibly wish to be himself. Above the portal of the Future, Psychoanalysis writes the new legend: "Sublimate thyself."

It may be that those who live by psychoanalysis shall perish by psychoanalysis. Psychoanalysis robs hate of its sting. Perhaps it also deprives love of its halo. By penetrating into the innermost tunnels, the deepest galleries of the mind, until it reaches the very root of Self, it may destroy those emotions and processes which cannot exist save in the haze of illusion. Under the scalpel of analysis, maybe, art withers and affection dies. It cannot give us the love that passes all understanding but it can give the understanding that passes all love.

Psychoanalysis teaches us that Christ's command to love our enemies is no paradox because love and hate are interchangeable terms. "Odi et Amo," Catullus writes to his inamorata. The heart, like Janus, has two faces. "Each man kills the thing he loves," says "The Ballad of Reading Gaol." "Each man loves the thing he kills," adds the shrewd psychoanalyst. Even as a boy I must have had some intimation of this great antinomy. "For the meaning of love, at the last, is hate," exclaims the lover in one of my earliest poems. For this duality of affection, this contradictory aspect of human relationship, this bi-polarity of the soul, this plus and minus of emotion, one of Freud's first associates, Bleuler, has coined the name of Ambivalence.

Ambivalence is difficult to define. Ambivalent impulses, Freud says somewhere in "Totem and Taboo," represent simultaneously the wish and the counter-wish. "Ambivalence," he tells us, "is the sway of coexisting contrary tendencies." The exaggerated regard, the very tenderness which we feel for the objects of our hero worship or our affection are accompanied by "a contrary but unconscious stream of hostility wherever the typical case of an ambivalent affective attitude is realized. The hostility is then submerged by an excessive increase of tenderness which is expressed as anxiety and becomes compulsive because otherwise it would not suffice for its task of keeping the unconscious opposition in a state of repression. . . . Applied to the treatment of privileged persons, this theory

would reveal that their veneration, their very deification, is opposed in the unconscious by an intense hostile tendency. . . . The taboo of the dead," Freud states somewhere else, "originates from the conscious grief and the unconscious satisfaction at death."

Shaw says that our grief over the death of a friend or a near relative is mingled with a certain feeling of satisfaction at "being finally done with him." Freud, expressing himself more scientifically, contends (in "Reflections on War and Death") that "primitive man, grieving at the death of a friend, discovered in his pain that he, too, could die, an admission against which his whole being must have revolted, for every one of these loved ones was part of his own beloved self. On the other hand, again, every such death was satisfactory to him, for there was also something foreign in each of these persons. The law of emotional ambivalence, which to-day still governs our emotional relations to those whom we love, certainly obtained far more widely in primitive times. The beloved dead had nevertheless roused some hostile feelings in primitive man because they had been both friends and enemies. . . . Except in a few instances, even the tenderest and closest love relations," Freud insists, "contain a bit of hostility which can arouse an unconscious death-wish."

Every popular hero is both hated and loved by his followers. Hence the startling somersaults of popular sentiment. The idol, almost overnight, by some subtle and sudden accretion to the subconscious forces of opposition,

becomes an object of universal contumely. Aristides is banished because he is just. The lion of to-day is the jackal of to-morrow. Judgment can reverse itself with the rapidity of lightning, because underneath the adoration there is a strong current of hostility and resentment. No man has experienced this sudden reversal more frequently than Theodore Roosevelt. He alternately enthralled and utterly estranged public opinion. His friends of to-day were his enemies of to-morrow. The mortal foe became the dearest friend. Both friend and foe grieve his loss. The world seems empty without him. I am convinced that Brother Barnes and Brother Penrose mourn him even more profoundly than Brother Perkins and Brother Pinchot. Both Taft and Wilson sorrowed at his bier. Not merely because they owed to him both the Presidency and the most anxious hours of their lives, but because of something in the man himself that deeply and powerfully attracted those whom he most repelled and, ambivalently, repelled those who loved him best.

Roosevelt himself is a typical example of bi-polarity. He was at once the Progressive and the Reactionary. He was Sophist and Rough Rider, Simple Simon and Machiavelli, rolled into one. He was more English than George V., more imperialistic than the *London Times*; yet he hated the English from the depth of his heart, he despised them, and, to use his own phrase, he patronized them. He was at once the faithful Patroclus and the treacherous Apache. He loved the Germans and bitterly denounced

them. His attitude toward Wilhelm II. was equally ambivalent. He admired the Hohenzollern, yet had no kind word for him. The two men were strangely alike in some respects. For the Kaiser is a similar bundle of contradictions. Wilhelm, as I explained in my "Confessions of a Barbarian" (written ten years ago), is both rationalist and mystic, Anglophile and Anglophobe. The Middle Ages and the Twentieth Century join in the unstable composition of his character. Yet, as I pointed out, the Kaiser is no hypocrite. We must simply accept him as two personalities. Roosevelt, contradictory as this may seem in the light of his inconsistencies, was equally incapable of hypocrisy. We cannot explain him without the theory of ambivalence.

*The Ambivalent Element in My Relations
with Roosevelt*

II.

MY own relations with Theodore Roosevelt were distinctly ambivalent. I hated him and I loved him, as Catullus did his mistress. His feelings towards me must have been equally contradictory. He was both my generous friend and my relentless foe. If I attacked him bitterly, the arrow intended for him entered my own heart. Praising him, I spoke in strident accents, in order to drown the secret misgivings, the latent hostility, the hidden distrust in my bosom. The Progressives who deified him were lacerated by the self-same conflict. Suspicion and adoration alternately dominated their attitude. To Wall Street he was both Devil and Savior. He was the man who wrote to My Dear Mr. Harriman: "You and I are practical men." He was also the man who exalted "the spontaneous judgment of the people" above "the deliberate judgment of the bosses." He was the Nemesis of malefactors of great wealth and he made a present of the Tennessee Coal and Iron Co. to J. Pierpont Morgan!

Preaching neutrality in the beginning of the war, even justifying the invasion of Belgium, he was the leader of those who made it impossible for Mr. Wilson to "keep us out of war." Blind to his own inconsistency, he assailed

Germany for her breach of international ethics; he denounced Mr. Wilson's "high-handedness" in Central America: but he never apologized for his own seizure of Panama. Like Wilhelm II., he was the most impulsive of statesmen, yet, again like Wilhelm II., the most calculating student of public psychology. He was the most unscrupulous, the most flagrantly inconsistent, the most shamelessly selfish of politicians; yet his confession of faith made in Carnegie Hall in March, 1912, rings true.

"The leader, for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside, and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds, but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust the golden hopes of men."

His hands shook with emotion as he delivered this solemn creed. Dramatically leaf after leaf fluttered from his hand. Seated behind him on the platform, I was enthralled. Yet the voice that pronounced these ringing sentences had an almost feminine treble. The most masculine man in America, the prophet of the strenuous life,

was distinctly feminine in many of his psychic characteristics. He was a great and inspired orator; he was also a vixen and a scold.

The first phase in my relations with Theodore Roosevelt was one of antagonism. With the sophistry of eighteen I detested his championship of the Simple Life. I was made furious by his attempt to throttle freedom of speech when he started his famous libel suit against the New York *World* at the expense of the Government. It was the first introduction of the theory of *lesé majesté* into American jurisprudence. I wrote a violently vindictive sonnet against him, so violent that the New York *World* refused to print it. It appeared, I believe, in *The Call*.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Those who bore Rome's imperial crown, they say,
Felt a strange sickness work in brain and blood,
Till ever spreading like some monstrous bud
Their arrogance umbraged all the world. Yet they
Were ground to dust and dynasts swept away,
Whose grander madness rocked on ages stood,
By just men's anger rising like the Flood,
O boastful Tyrant for a Little Day!

Thou art not strong backward to swing the gate
Of speech made free through Milton's high renown!
Thine might have been the enviable fate
Of one whose foot trod Mammon's altar down:
Heed, lest—a braggart in a prophet's gown—
The night engulf thee with a nation's hate!

My dislike for Roosevelt (justified in this case—but justice never regulates human relations!) was perfectly natural. It arose, as I explained to him later, from a spirit of filial opposition, presumably implanted in my soul (to render unto Freud that which is Freud's) by some obscure manifestation of the Oedipus complex.

My father was one of Roosevelt's staunchest supporters. He is the historian of Roosevelt's school year in Germany; he made a pilgrimage to the house of the good Dr. Minkwitz in Dresden, where young Theodore spent many happy days. He also collected reverently from the maiden daughters of the Teuton educator characteristic anecdotes of the engaging lad. My father is the possessor of a long letter from Theodore Roosevelt, written during his gubernatorial campaign, in which he sings the praises of his German American friends, and proudly calls attention to his German descent. This letter was resuscitated many times by Theodore Roosevelt. It did duty in every campaign.

Roosevelt Intrigues My Imagination

III.

IN 1909 Roosevelt intrigued my imagination. I find several references to him in the "Confessions of a Barbarian." In Chapter III (The State Idea), I said:

We have compared ourselves to the Romans. I, myself, have endorsed that comparison. But I am afraid we flatter ourselves. We are undeniably resourceful and mighty. Our dominion is wider than Rome's. We can match the Appian Way. We even have a sort of Caesar. That is what the French call him, and not without justice. Caesar was Rome. America, through Europe's glasses, is Roosevelt. We, recognizing the real master in his dual disguise, bow to Rockefeller and Morgan. On the Continent Rockefeller's memoirs met with scant success. Roosevelt's books *went*.

Like Caesar, Roosevelt is a historian. The future will speak of both as popular leaders. Greek students will perhaps employ the Greek equivalent of the term. Perhaps every statesman must be a demagogue and every prophet a charlatan. Theodore, like the great Julius, is intensely theatrical, and intensely—convulsively—dynamic. Both men believed in their star. Both men, after startling domestic exploits, submerged themselves temporarily in the African jungle. Roosevelt, like Caesar, has hunted big game. But not so big as Caesar's. He has founded no kingdom by the Nile; nor followed the river to its mystical sources. [This was written before his expedition to the "River of Doubt."] And there was no Cleopatra. That would take more imagination than Mr. Roosevelt possesses. He has slain lions, instead, and penned laborious articles at a dollar a word. for the *Outlook* and *Scribner's*.

And there was no Cleopatra. The absence of the Cleopatra complex constituted my chief grievance against Roosevelt. I was a poet of passion. A great man without a romance to his credit seemed to me strangely inhuman. My youth clamored for sex. In Roosevelt, no doubt, to use the Freudian dialect, the sex impulse was either repressed or sublimated.

David Jayne Hill, then Ambassador of the United States in Berlin, presented a copy of the "Confessions of a Barbarian" to His Majesty the Emperor. He also gave a copy to Theodore Roosevelt, together with a letter from me. I received a courteous reply from the Colonel in which he expressed the desire to meet me on his return to this country. I think it was at the *Outlook* office that I first met Theodore Roosevelt. I am sorry that I made no record of the occasion. Unlike Frank Harris, I was not born with a note-book. When I meet the great, I sometimes forget my fountain pen. This could never happen to Harris. George Moore goes Harris one better. He carries his typewriter or his memorandum pad into his lady's bedroom! Mr. Roosevelt was altogether fascinating. He told me that he was an admirer of my verse. (O praises sweeter than manna!) His daughter Alice had given him a copy of "Nineveh." The poem deeply impressed him. "I was a pretty busy man in the White House," he said, "but I have not forgotten that poem." (I was in seventh heaven.) "You make New York out to be rather wicked," he remarked with a smile, "but you are right, it is wicked."

"You," I had the presence of mind to answer, "as a former police commissioner, are in a position to know." Nevertheless, I gasped. For while I employed the language of Isaiah in the poem, my intent was purely artistic. Moral indignation is not part of my mental equipment. The reproach I heaped upon the city was a token of my affection (and affectation)! To-day I would characterize my attitude as "ambivalent."

NINEVEH

I.

O NINEVEH, thy realm is set
Upon a base of rock and steel,
From where the under-rivers fret
High up to where the planets reel.

Clad in a blazing coat of mail,
Above the gables of the town
Huge dragons with a monstrous trail
Have pillared pathways up and down.

And in the bowels of the deep,
Where no man sees the gladdening sun,
All night without the balm of sleep
The human tide rolls on and on.

THE Hudson's mighty waters lave
In stern caress thy granite shore,
And to thy port the salt sea wave
Brings oil and wine and precious ore.

Yet if the ocean in its might
Should rise, confounding stream and bay,
The stain of one delirious night
Not all the tides can wash away!

THICK pours the smoke of thousand fires,
Life throbs and beats relentlessly—
But lo, above the stately spires
Two lemans: Death and Leprosy.

What fruit shall spring from such embrace?
Ah, even thou would'st quake to hear!
He bends to kiss her loathsome face,
She laughs—and whispers in his ear.

Sit not too proudly on thy throne,
Think on thy sisters, them that fell;
Not all the hosts of Babylon
Could save her from the jaws of hell.

II.

THROUGH the long alleys of the park
On noiseless wheels and delicate springs,
Glide painted women, fair and dark,
Bedecked with silks and jewelled things,

In peacock splendor goes the rout,
With shrill, loud laughter of the mad—
Red lips to suck thy life-blood out,
And eyes too weary to be sad!

Their feet go down to shameful death,
They flaunt the livery of their wrong,
Their beauty is of Ashtoreth,
Her strength it is that makes them strong.

BEHOLD thy virgin daughters, how
They know the smile a wanton wears;
And oh! on many a boyish brow
The blood-red brand of murder flares.

SEE, through the crowded streets they fly,
Like doves before the gathering storm.
They cannot rest, for ceaselessly
In every heart there dwells a worm.

They sing in mimic joy, and crown
Their temples to the flutes of sin;
But no sweet noise shall ever drown
The whisper of the worm within.

THEY revel in the gilded line
Of lamplit halls to charm the night,
But think you that the crimson wine
Can veil the horror from their sight?

Ah, no—their staring eyes are led
To where it lurks with hideous leer;
Therefore the women flush so red,
And all the men are white with fear.

AS in a mansion vowed to lust,
Where wantons with their guests make free,
'Tis thus thou humblest in the dust
Thy queenly body, Nineveh!

Thy course is downward; 'tis the road
To sins that, even where disgrace
And shameful pleasure walk abroad,
Dare not unmask their shrouded face!

Surely at last shall come the day
When these that dance so merrily
Shall watch with terrible faces gray
Thy doom draw near, O Nineveh!

III.

I, TOO, the fatal harvest gained
Of them that sow with seed of fire
In passion's garden—I have drained
The goblet of thy sick desire.

I from thy love had bitter bliss,
And ever in my memory stir
The after-savors of thy kiss—
The taste of aloes and of myrrh.

And yet I love thee, love unblessed
The poison of thy wanton's art;
Though thou be sister to the Pest,
In thy great hands I lay my heart!

And when thy body, Titan-strong,
Writhes on its giant couch of sin,
Yea, though upon the trembling throng
The very vault of Heaven fall in;

And, though the palace of thy feasts
Sink crumbling in a fiery sea—
I, like the last of Baal's priests,
Will share thy doom, O Nineveh!

Roosevelt the Lovable

IV.

IN those days my father published *Der Deutsche Vorkaempfer* (*The German Pioneer*), a monthly devoted to keeping alive a knowledge of German in the United States. Nowadays it would be regarded as "German Propaganda." Ponce de Leon sought the fountain of youth in the Western hemisphere. My father, reversing the Spaniard's steps, turned to the medicinal waters of Germany for his rejuvenation. I decided to continue the *Vorkaempfer* under another name. It was to be published as a German edition of *Current Literature*, and was to be the intellectual organ of the "culture exchange so ardently fostered by the German Emperor and Mr. Roosevelt." *Current Literature* insisted upon certain financial guarantees. I turned for aid to Count Bernstorff and Theodore Roosevelt. Mr. Roosevelt generously promised to say a good word for me with a number of wealthy German Americans, if I would provide the occasion.

I arranged a luncheon at the National Arts Club, inviting Professor Hugo Muensterberg; the German Consul-General; and a number of distinguished German Americans. Roosevelt appeared, ruddy and blustering. He was in splendid form. He shook everyone by the hand. He dominated every one. He held the attention of all from beginning to end, shouting across the table, if necessary,

to bring back those who strayed from the fold. The room resounded with his vitality. The walls trembled with his indiscretions. He did not take a cocktail, but he drank several glasses of champagne. Liquor, however, did not influence him. He was in no need of alcoholic stimulants. He was always drunk with his eloquence, drunk with exuberance, drunk with the wine of God. I never saw a man who could eat so quickly and talk so quickly at the same time. Yet he was careful of his health. I noticed that he took saccharine in place of sugar. And he talked as no man ever talked before. Empires, kingdoms, world policies, state secrets he whirled at his audience and caught them up again with the dexterity of a juggler.

To me there was something Napoleonic in Roosevelt's colossal activity. I told him so. He only half relished the compliment. The moralist in him condemned the Corsican. Perhaps the egotist in him could not forgive him his fame. Mr. Roosevelt told us his reason for sending the fleet around the world, an action which, he averred, had prevented war with Japan. He spoke of his trip to the continent, of kings and "little kings." Here the Consul-General audibly shuddered. "But," he continued, "of all the monarchs I have met, the Kaiser is the only one who could have carried his own ward if he were an American politician." He pounded the table with his fists. "Of all the European royalties," he exclaimed, "the Kaiser is the only one whom, morally and intellectually, I would care to meet as an equal."

Mr. Roosevelt's references to England (in the presence of a German Consul-General) were little short of amazing. "When I became President," he said (each word remains seared in my brain), "I so detested the English that I had to make a vow to myself not to permit my prejudice to interfere with my duties." He described his more recent experiences in England, recalling gleefully the advice he had given John Bull on the government of his colonies. "Most Americans," he said (I am willing to vouch for this under oath, if needs be), "either detest the English or fawn upon them. I gave them a new experience. I patronized them." And he laughed the hearty laugh of a boy. "I am proud," Mr. Roosevelt continued, "that there is not in my veins a drop of English blood." Even in those days, when I looked upon the Colonel through the glasses of my admiration, this remark seemed to be lacking in taste. I do not know if it even coincides with the facts.

The blood of many races surged through that ruddy form of his. Psychologically he was a Viking. So fast the swift blood coursed that, unwittingly, it destroyed the channels through which it traveled. Roosevelt's blood pressure, even in his best years, was phenomenally high. It was a clot of blood in the brain that killed him. I sometimes wonder if it was perchance a clot of that German blood of which he so often boasted, that, rebelling against the master's denunciation of his own antecedents, finally burst the vessel assunder. But under the Viking strain,

another element, far more elusive, entered into his composition. One of his biographers informs me that the Roosevelt family is of Dutch-Jewish descent. If this accords with the truth, the East Side politicians who exhorted the children of New York's Ghetto to vote for "Theodore Rosenfeld" stumbled unawares upon a discovery that, to the world at large, is nothing short of amazing. Perhaps the Oriental admixture accounts for his subtler moods and for the astonishing vivacity of his mind!

I cannot recall all he told us, but his remarks on England are engraved in my memory. They altered my political "orientation." Until that time, I was a great admirer of the English. The very first sonnet in the "Nineveh" collection is a salutation to England. Mr. Roosevelt's words profoundly affected my attitude on Anglo-American relations. Here was a man I worshipped, a former President of the United States, frankly avowing his anti-British bias! From that day on antipathy against Great Britain seemed to me the quintessence of Americanism. How could I know that underneath Roosevelt's hatred of Great Britain there slumbered, ambivalently, the heart of an Englishman, who was willing to concede without question to Great Britain the mastery of the seas?

Of the German language Mr. Roosevelt spoke in glowing terms. I do not remember his words, for he said exactly what I expected. He wound up with an earnest appeal on my behalf. Unfortunately, so much time had been consumed by him in various recitals that my friends

hastened back to their offices without pledging support to my undertaking. The financial harvest of the luncheon was scant. However, eventually \$10,000 was collected. Hardly anyone, with the exception of myself, was able to say a word at the luncheon. Roosevelt absolutely monopolized the conversation. Men gladly listened to him because there could be no question of his fascination. When he said good-bye to us, he thanked us for having had "such an instructive time." I wonder if his humor was entirely unconscious? Perhaps when God created him, he omitted the funny-bone. Three or four times during Mr. Roosevelt's discourse, I gently attempted to interrupt him in order to guide his thoughts into channels conducive to my plans. But each time, his hand, like the huge paw of a lion, descended upon my shoulder, and pushed me back into my seat. And each time I was thrilled anew.

Roosevelt compelled attention by sheer physical magnetism. William Bayard Hale, in his brilliant study of Theodore Roosevelt, entitled, "A Week in the White House," dwells on this aspect of his personality. "Roosevelt," Dr. Hale insists, "is first of all a physical marvel. He radiates energy as the sun radiates light and heat, and he does it apparently without losing a particle of his own energy. It is not merely remarkable, it is a simple miracle that he can exhibit, for one day, the power which emanates from him like energy from a dynamo. Once we all believed in a beautiful law known as that of the conservation of energy. No force, so went the dream, was lost. It

was only transformed; it underwent metamorphosis; the sum of energy in the universe was always the same. It was the discovery of radium and the radioactive substances which wrought the discomfiture of that law. It is Mr. Roosevelt who discredits it entirely. He never knows that virtue has gone out of him. He radiates from morning until night, and he is nevertheless always radiant." This was written in 1908. To-day we know that the cosmic law is inexorable. The dusk of doom envelops even the gods. Even the virtue of radium exhausts itself in the end. However in 1911 Roosevelt was still all-radiant! It seemed sacrilege to think that it could ever be otherwise!

When we expressed surprise at his candor, he told us his confidence had never been violated. He always talked frankly, exuberantly, to the newspaper men who were constantly swarming around him, yet he had never reason to regret this policy. Indiscretion was the better part of his popularity. If any man quoted him, contrary to the implied gentlemen's agreement, he calmly consigned the culprit to the Ananias Club. Roosevelt thus had the privilege of always being himself. He availed himself of it by being consistently inconsistent. Now that Mr. Roosevelt's death has released newspaper men from the tacit pledge of secrecy, startling revelations may be expected.

In the first number of *Rundschau Zweier Welten* appears the following carefully-worded letter from Theodore Roosevelt:



© International News Service.

BEFORE ARMAGEDDON

Note the *Rundschau Zweier Welten* on Mr. Roosevelt's desk.

THE OUTLOOK,
287 Fourth Avenue,
New York.

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt.

December 23d, 1910.

My Dear Mr. Viereck:—I am much pleased to learn that you are to help start an international magazine, intended to portray and develop both German and American culture. I have, as you know, heartily believed in the culture exchange movement as being of peculiar importance to both countries. I feel that in America there is especial need of keeping alive a thorough knowledge of German; and I believe that your magazine will not only help in this direction, but will help in the converse way, by interpreting American events to your readers beyond the ocean.

Wishing you good luck, I am,

Sincerely yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,
Current Literature Publishing Co.,
New York City.

Before this I received the following personal note:

THE OUTLOOK,
287 Fourth Avenue,
New York.

Editorial Rooms.

November 22d, 1910.

My Dear Mr. Viereck:—I appreciate your letter, and I want now to take the opportunity of saying how greatly I enjoyed the lunch you were so kind as to give me. I do hope that your magazine project will succeed.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,
The German Current Literature,
134 West 29th Street,
New York City.

**"THERE IS ESPECIAL NEED OF KEEPING ALIVE
A THOROUGH KNOWLEDGE OF GERMAN"**

The Outlook

**287 Fourth Avenue
New York**

**Office of
Theodore Roosevelt**

December 23rd, 1910.

My dear Mr. Viereck:

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to help start an international magazine, intended to portray
and develop both German and American culture. I have, as
you know, heartily believed in the culture exchange move-
ment as being of peculiar importance to both countries. I
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in the converse way, by interpreting American events to your
readers beyond the ocean

Wishing you good luck, I am,

Sincerely yours

Theodore Roosevelt

**Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,
Current Literature Publishing Co
New York City.**

No doubt Mr. Roosevelt would have liked to expunge these messages from the record, together with his one-time approval of the neutrality of President Wilson and the German invasion of Belgium. I speak without bitterness, for I cannot forget Mr. Roosevelt's kindness to me. In 1912 the *Rundschau Zweier Welten* ardently championed the cause of Theodore Roosevelt (at the expense of its circulation). Over my desk at this moment hangs a picture of Theodore Roosevelt, holding in his hands a copy of the *Rundschau*.

Then came the stirring days of Progressivism.

/

Onward, Christian Soldiers

V

MY enthusiasm for Roosevelt rose to a high pitch in Chicago. We Progressives had great difficulty in obtaining tickets for the Republican Convention. I facetiously wrote to Victor Rosewater, doughty fighter and gentleman, albeit the man whose gavel crushed the hopes of Theodore Roosevelt: "Shall it be said to the shame of the Republican Party that the greatest American poet vainly knocked for entrance at its gate?" I frankly added that I was not on his side, but "on the side of the angels." Victor replied: "If you come out to Chicago, it will not be said that the 'greatest American poet' will be refused admission so long as his admirer, and friend, is chairman of the National Committee." At the Convention, I shouted myself hoarse for Roosevelt day after day. Then the great moment came. Roosevelt broke with his Party. "Gentlemen," announced someone—I think it was Hadley, of Missouri—"a message from Colonel Theodore Roosevelt." The message was heard in silence. The rest is history.

At the Progressive Convention that nominated him for the Presidency Roosevelt made his great speech: "We stand at Armageddon and battle for the Lord." The sentence (as he freely admits in a subsequent letter to me) was an unconscious reminiscence of an ode by Brownell. I was carried away by the fine hysteria of those brave days. I discovered my "Social Conscience." "The Hymn of Armageddon embodies this mood:

THE HYMN OF ARMAGEDDON

"And I stood upon the sands of the sea, and I saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads. . . . And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon. . . . And the great city was divided into three parts."—The Apocalypse.

APOCALYPTIC thunders roll out of the crimson East:
The Day of Judgment is at hand, and we shall slay the Beast.
What are the seven heads of him, the Beast that shall be slain?
Sullivan, Taggart, Lorimer, Barnes, Penrose, Murphy, Crane.
Into what cities leads his trail in venom steeped, and gore?
Ask Frisco, ask Chicagø, mark New York and Baltimore.
Where shall we wage the battle, for whom unsheath the sword?
We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

Though hell spit forth its snarling host we shall not flinch nor
quail,
For in the last great skirmish God's own truth must prevail.
Have they not seen the writing that flames upon the wall,
Of how their house is built on sand, and how their pride must fall?
The cough of little lads that sweat where never sun sheds light,
The sob of starving children and their mothers in the night,
These, and the wrong of ages, we carry as a sword,
Who stand at Armageddon and who battle for the Lord!

God's soldiers from the West are we, from North, and East and
South,
The seed of them who flung the tea into the harbor's mouth,
And those who fought where Grant fought and those who fought
with Lee,
And those who under alien stars first dreamed of liberty.

ON ELECTION DAY

The Outlook

287 Fourth Avenue
New York

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

November 4th 1912.

Dear Viereck:

Let me thank you now for all you have done for me, Many
a leader must fall at Armageddon before the long fight is
won.

Faithfully yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

Not those of little faith whose speech is soft, whose ways are dark,
Nor those upon whose forehead the Beast has set his mark,
Out of the Hand of Justice we snatch her faltering sword,
We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord!

The sternest militant of God whose trumpet in the fray
Has cleft the city into three shall lead us on this day.
The holy strength that David had is his, the faith that saves,
For he shall free the toilers as Abe Lincoln freed the slaves.
And he shall rouse the lukewarm and those whose eyes are dim,
The hope of twenty centuries has found a voice in him.
Because the Beast shall froth with wrath and perish by his sword,
He leads at Armageddon the legions of the Lord!

For he shall move the mountains that groan with ancient sham,
And mete with equal measure to the lion and the lamb,
And he shall wipe away the tears that burn on woman's cheek,
For in the nation's council hence the mothers, too, shall speak.
Through him the rose of peace shall blow from the red rose of
strife,
America shall write his name into the Book of Life.
And where at Armageddon we battle with the sword
Shall rise the mystic commonwealth, the City of the Lord!

I made stump speeches for Roosevelt. I recited my poem. I was a delegate to the Progressive State Convention that nominated Oscar S. Straus. I attempted to corral the German American vote for T. R. Roosevelt knew of these activities. A letter in his own handwriting addressed to "Dear Oscar" (Oscar S. Straus) bears witness to this fact. Then tragedy stalked in Milwaukee. Roosevelt was shot by a crank. The world grew black for me.

FROM THE SICK BED

After the attempted assassination in Milwaukee.

The Outlook

287 Fourth Avenue
New York

Office of
Theodore Roosevelt

February 29th, 1912.

Dear Mr. Viereck:

I have only time to send this one line
of thanks and appreciation for all your kindness.

Faithfully yours,

T. Roosevelt.

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,
134 West 29th Street,
New York City.

I sent him a telegram placing the responsibility for the deed upon the broad shoulders of Taft. I trembled as his life hung in the balance. I learned by heart the noble speech he made with a bullet in his body. Theatrical—perhaps, but surely tremendous! On his sick bed Mr. Roosevelt did not forget me. He sent me the following letter dated February 29th:

Dear Mr. Viereck:—I have only time to send this one line of thanks and appreciation for all your kindness.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

The campaign drew near the end. I believed in a miracle—the election of Theodore Roosevelt. Roosevelt evidently did not share this belief. On Election Day, before the result of the election was known, he found the time to send me this message:

Dear Viereck:—Let me thank you now for all you have done for me. Many a leader must fall at Armageddon before the long fight is won.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Roosevelt the Man of Letters

VI.

AFTER the election Roosevelt's mind turned from politics to literature and adventure. I was still a strong Roosevelt man. The Colonel's pronounced antipathy against Wilson poisoned my own pen. It influenced my editorials in *The International* and the early policy of *The Fatherland*. Between 1912 and 1914, my own interests were predominantly literary. I transferred my admiration from Roosevelt the leader to Roosevelt the man of letters. I admired the rhythmic swing of his sentences. I realized that America had lost a poet in Theodore Roosevelt. His dynamics lacked only verse to make him greater than Whitman. He would have made literature if he had not made history. I reviewed his book, "History as Literature," in *The International* shortly before my trip to Europe in 1914. Before me lies a copy of the book with this inscription: "To George Sylvester Viereck with all good wishes from Theodore Roosevelt." Appended to the book is a letter, dated May 27th, from Roosevelt's secretary, Mr. Frank Harper. He says:

Mr. Roosevelt has just read your review of his essays which appeared in a recent number of *The International*. He asked me to say that there is no review of any of his works which he has seen recently which has given him so much pleasure as this one. It is one of the best things he has ever seen, and shows a keen appreciation of what Mr. Roosevelt tried to convey.

Whatever we may have said about each other in the last few years, there was a time when appreciation was mutual.

In spite of his robust mentality, Roosevelt was not (ambivalently) lacking in subtlety. If he had been only an exponent of the strenuous, he would not have remembered "Nineveh" with pleasure. He would have been distressed by my second collection of verse, "The Candle and the Flame," to which my friends fondly refer as "The Scandal and the Shame." (I think the phrase was invented by the heroic Charles Hanson Towne.) I mislaid Mr. Roosevelt's letter of acknowledgment. It contained praise. It also conveyed criticism. One phrase especially clings to my memory. "I liked everything in the book" (I quote from my recollection) "except the reference to Wilde. Perhaps this is due to some atavistic Puritanism in me. . . ." Atavistic Puritanism! What a delightful phrase! The man who can speak of his own Puritanism as atavistic is no longer a Puritan in his brain.

The Storm Clouds Gather

VII.

I DO not remember the date of my first visit to Oyster Bay. Mr. Roosevelt had invited my parents and me to be his guests at luncheon. He received us with charming rustic simplicity. His main living-room, littered with lion skins and books, was a little museum filled with Roosevelt trophies. He showed us the books on German art presented to him by the Kaiser. (He did not value Wilhelm's judgment as an art critic.) Of course, he quoted the Nibelungenlied. He always quoted the Nibelungenlied. He also showed us the famous photograph under which the Kaiser had written, "From the Commander-in-Chief of the German Army to the Colonel of the Rough Riders." I may not remember the wording exactly, but it was something to that effect. He told us of vain attempts made by the German Foreign Office to recapture a number of Imperial snapshots from him.

Mrs. Loeb, the wife of his former private secretary, presided over the luncheon in the absence of Mrs. Roosevelt. The mind is curiously constituted. Often it cannot recall matters of real importance while a trivial incident impresses us vividly. I remember that at lunch we had a dreadful pink lemonade, a sort of mint julep with the julep omitted. One of Mr. Roosevelt's guests on this occasion was Governor Whitman, who had made the journey to

Sagamore Hill in order to obtain the Colonel's indorsement. His pilgrimage proved in vain. Roosevelt had lost the sure political instinct of his former years. He never, since his own defeat, indorsed a winning candidate. Every candidate bearing his stamp seemed to be foreordained to defeat.

In the summer of 1914, I went to Europe. Before my return the war clouds began to gather. I came back by way of Boston in order to spend a few days with Professor Muensterberg. In the three days I stayed under his roof, history moved with Seven League Boots. Ultimatum was succeeded by ultimatum. Ten days after the German mobilization the first copy of *The Fatherland* appeared on the streets of New York. I asked Mr. Roosevelt for a contribution to the first number. He replied as follows:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

30 E. 42d Street,
New York City.

August 8, 1914.

Dear Viereck:—I am very glad to hear from you and to know what your plans are. But, of course, as you say, my desire is at present to avoid in any way saying anything that would tend to exaggerate and inflame the war spirit on either side and to be impartial; I simply do not know the facts. It is a melancholy thing to see such a war.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

George Sylvester Viereck, Esq.,
Editor, *The International*,
New York, N. Y.

In those days, Mr. Roosevelt was neutral. Yet neutrality was contrary to his nature. If he had not been head over heels pro-Ally, he would have been violently pro-German. He could not see a fight without "throwing his hat in the ring."

With Dr. Dernburg in Oyster Bay

VIII.

THE waves of public excitement rose almost as high in America as in Europe. The German point of view was without an accredited spokesman until the arrival of Dr. Dernburg. Little recking of the gigantic forces that were unleashed against them, the pro-Germans attempted to win America to their point of view by argumentation. This was, of course, entirely mistaken. Reason never won heart of fair lady or public opinion. Remembering Roosevelt's dislike for England, I expected him to champion the German cause. At first I was chagrined by his silence. His growing Pro-Ally proclivity stabbed me to the heart. Hearing Dernburg week after week, I did not see how anyone could resist his relentless logic. His powerful personality was no less dynamic than Roosevelt's, although touched perhaps more obviously by the old world's sophistication. A meeting of the two intellects, it seemed to me, would be an epic occasion. The temptation was irresistible. I arranged for an interview between the two men. Mr. Roosevelt graciously invited us to Sagamore Hill. I shall never forget our trip to Oyster Bay. The car bore us swiftly, but no more swiftly than speech flowed from the lips of Dernburg. He possessed a wonderful gift of marshalling facts and figures convincingly. His mind, traveling like a searchlight, illuminated in rapid succession the most diverse and abstruse economical problems.

Roosevelt received us at the door. He was a courteous host. He at once brought up a book which Dr. Dernburg had presented to him years ago in Berlin. Dr. Dernburg had forgotten the incident. He was deeply touched by Mr. Roosevelt's remembrance. Mr. Roosevelt's memory was not the least of his assets. In politics a good memory is more important than a good cause. The man in the street is not impressed by reason, but he is profoundly affected if some great man remembers that he once shook hands with him on a railway station. Mr. Roosevelt was conscious of this power. He used it to the utmost. Flattery is the most potent weapon of rulers of men, irrespective of sex: it serves equally the statesman and the hetaera.

Mr. Roosevelt's memory was evidently untouched by his South American fever. But I was shocked by the change in the man. There was no question of his physical deterioration. The malady that eventually killed him was already devouring his strength. The Rough Rider was only a shell of his former self. He himself sadly, quizzically, referred to his gout. . . . As he turned his tortured face upon me my only sensation was pity. At dinner we discussed many things. We reserved Belgium for the dessert. Woman Suffrage bobbed up during the conversation. Roosevelt did not seem over-enthusiastic on the subject. He believed that it made no real difference, because there is no fundamental difference between women and men. Feminine suffrage

merely increases the number of voters. After dinner came the trial of strength. I am sorry that I was the only witness of the intellectual wrestling match between Theodore Roosevelt and Bernhard Dernburg in the Trophy Room at Sagamore Hill.

Both men were powerfully equipped mentally. Roosevelt's physical suffering had not impaired his power of dialectics. Both were, as all great men must necessarily be, colossal egotists. Egotism, in the parlance of Dr. Tannenbaum, one of the keenest interpreters of Freud, is the defensive measure erected by genius against its environment. Without this protective armor, the man of genius would be not the captain of his soul but the helpless victim of mediocrity and of circumstance. Roosevelt spoke. He spoke cuttingly. His voice, although high-pitched, seemed to fill the room. He stated the case against Germany with eloquence and precision. Once Dr. Dernburg wished to interpose an objection. Down came that arm as it did on me at my luncheon. Mr. Roosevelt brooked no interruption. At last he paused. Availing himself of the opportunity, Dr. Dernburg now pleaded his cause. He seemed to have the better of the argument logically. He quoted resolutions passed by the United States Senate that were unknown even to Mr. Roosevelt. His facts, like so many tin soldiers, marched before us in orderly procession. Where Roosevelt had been brutal at times, Dernburg was subtle. His very subtlety militated against him. At one time, Roosevelt wished to interrupt him. This time Dr.

Dernburg protested, and for the first time in his life, the Colonel was silenced.

It must have been almost midnight before both men had completed their argument. I chirped in now and then. However, this duel of two minds equally matched taught me the utter futility of controversy. Neither man had convinced the other. Their real convictions were fed by deep racial roots, hidden in the subconscious, beyond the probe of argument. Dr. Dernburg left, believing that his visit had not been entirely in vain. Perhaps Mr. Roosevelt imagined that he made a convert of Dr. Dernburg. I know that neither had made the slightest impression upon the other. I saw that the chasm between the two states of mind (or of heart) could not be bridged. Freud (in his little book on "Reflections on War and Death") gives us the explanation for the spiritual blindness which in times of emotional crisis necessarily shuts out the other man's point of view. "Even science," he says, "has lost her dispassionate impartiality. Her deeply embittered votaries are intent upon seizing her weapons to do their share in the battle against the enemy. The anthropologist has to declare his opponent inferior and degenerate, the psychiatrist must diagnose him as mentally deranged. The lack of insight that the greatest intellectual leaders on either side have shown, the obduracy, their inaccessibility to the most impressive arguments, their uncritical credulity concerning the most debatable assertions, all these phenomena," he tells us, "are easily explained." He goes on to say:

"Students of human nature and philosophers have long ago taught us that we do wrong to value our intelligence as an independent force and to overlook its dependence upon our emotional life. They say intellect can work reliably only when it is removed from the influence of powerful emotional incitements; otherwise it acts simply as an instrument at the beck and call of our will and brings about the results which the will demands. Logical arguments are, therefore, powerless against affective interests; that is why disputing with reasons which, according to Falstaff, are as common as blackberries, are so fruitless where our selfish interests are concerned. Whenever possible psycho-analytic experience has driven home this assertion. It is in a position to prove every day that the acutest thinkers suddenly behave as unintelligently as defectives as soon as their understanding encounters emotional resistance, but that they regain their intelligence completely as soon as this resistance has been overcome. The blindness to logic which this war has so frequently conjured up in our best fellow citizens is, therefore, a secondary phenomenon, the result of emotional excitement and destined, we hope, to disappear simultaneously with it."

In the hall, as we said good-bye, I remarked to Mr. Roosevelt that he was losing many of his old-time supporters. "That consideration," he replied quickly, "cannot sway me. I know that I am finding myself increasingly out of touch with the majority of my fellow citizens. I never," he added (though the exact phraseology has escaped me), "was the spokesman of anything but a minority." "But your election—" I remarked. "That," he replied, "was an accident. I accidentally found myself tem-

porarily in agreement with the majority." The visit to Oyster Bay led to a lively exchange of shots between Sagamore Hill and 1123 Broadway, the headquarters of Dr. Dernburg. One of the Colonel's thundering epistles was no less than twelve pages in length. Dr. Dernburg's broadsides were equally voluminous. But, alas! all correspondence was futile. The two points of view were irreconcilable. It is impossible to argue with the unconscious.

The Break

IX.

HUMAN beings are carried, swept away, by irresistible psychic eddies. My break with Roosevelt was inevitable. I saw him once more after this. In response to an impetuous letter, he invited me to see him. He told me that he wanted me to understand him, that I was the only one of his German American friends to whom he was willing to confide some of the underlying reasons for his anti-German attitude. He spoke fiercely, impressively. But his eloquence failed to convince me. "Germany," he reiterated, "is a nation without a sense of international morality." I had England's innumerable violations of international law at my finger-tips. The Germans, he assured me, were plotting against us. He referred to Germany's alleged plans for invading this country. I replied that the German Army could not even swim across a narrow strip of the Channel! Deploring our "softness" and lack of preparedness, Mr. Roosevelt made the astonishing observation that it might be a good thing for Uncle Sam to receive a licking at the hands of the Germans. I could not agree with his point of view. I did not believe in German intrigue. The Department of Justice had not made its revelations. The Zimmerman note—the deadliest blow against Pro-German sentiment in the United States—slumbered still in the deepest recesses of the war-crazed brain of a German Geheimrat.

I ceased to look upon Theodore Roosevelt as a friend. My secret animosity was ready to leap forth, or, to speak more scientifically, the other pole of my ambivalent attitude towards the Colonel deflected the needle of my affection. "Many impulses," to quote Freud once more, "appear almost from the beginning in contrasting pairs; this is a remarkable state of affairs, called the ambivalence of feeling, and is quite unknown to the layman. This feeling is best observed and grasped through the fact that intense love and intense hate occur so frequently in the same person. Psychoanalysis goes further and states that the two opposite feelings not infrequently take the same person as their object." I was beginning to hate Theodore Roosevelt. Yet, strange to say, this hatred in no way diminished my love for him. In fact, my love intensified my recoil.

Crossing Swords

X.

ON February 25th, 1915, I wrote Theodore Roosevelt a letter that was a challenge. It was hot-tempered, injudicious, perhaps, but it represented my feelings. To-day I know that I am a better poet than a prophet. I no longer claim infallibility as a historian. I have been mistaken too often. Even at the risk of courting offense, I shall print the correspondence in full, to keep the record straight.

OFFICE OF GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

February 25th, 1915.

My Dear Mr. Roosevelt:—I take pleasure in sending you the text of my debate with Cecil Chesterton.

I certainly regret that you have taken a point of view so unfair to Germany. You have said many things which you ought to know to be at variance with the facts, especially in connection with Belgium.

I think you have lost every German-American friend you had, with the exception of myself. Even I admit that I am deeply disappointed. They would not have objected to your attitude that all treaties should be enforced, but they do object and justly so—to your continuous insistence upon the violation of the so-called "neutrality" of Belgium, while ignoring the violation of the neutrality of the Suez Canal and ignoring the violation of the neutrality of China. In fact, the violation of the neutrality of China is of more importance to us than one hundred Belguims.

Belgium never was a neutral nation. The neutrality of Belgium was like the virtue of a cocotte. You need not take my word for it that Germany was justified in her course, but perhaps you will accept the word of the British Foreign Office.

For that reason I call your attention to page 14 of my debate, in which I quote a passage from a statement issued by the English Foreign Office which may have escaped your attention.

Another cause for the just grievance of the German-Americans against you is that, in spite of your reputed friendship for the Kaiser, you did not have one word to say for him personally when this obscene campaign of vilification was started against him in the American press, and when the man, whose guest you had been, was decried by British press-agents and their American emissaries as "the mad dog of Europe."

Now Germany no longer needs apologists nor sympathizers. Her sword has won the war. But I do not think that the Germans will forget the attitude of their fair-weather friends on either side of the ocean.

Faithfully yours,

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

Theodore Roosevelt, Esq.,
Oyster Bay, L. I.

To this letter, I received the following reply:

THEODORE ROOSEVELT,
30 E. 42d Street,
New York City.

March 4th, 1915.

My Dear Sir:—Mr. Roosevelt directs me to say that the tone of your letter, and especially of the last paragraphs, is such that he does not desire to answer it.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. McGRATH,
Secretary to Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,
1123 Broadway,
New York City.

My answer, dated March 9th, follows:

OFFICE OF GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

March 9th, 1915.

My Dear Mr. Roosevelt:—I received a note from your secretary which somewhat surprised me. In view of all that I have done for you in the past, giving unstintingly of my enthusiasm, my personality, it seems that I have earned the right to speak frankly to you.

I presume the sentence to which you object is the reference to the "fair-weather" friends of Germany. It seems to me indisputable that in your entire public career you have always spoken of yourself as a friend of Germany and the Germans. Yet in the one great crisis of her existence you are not even neutral, but you openly range yourself among her enemies. You repeat without thorough investigation the English charges against Germany and you do not seem to take the trouble to read the German rejoinder. I think that in this matter you are utterly in the wrong. For

"—when the angels fall they fall so far."

My Progressive training has made it impossible for me to see wrong and remain silent. For that reason I must speak out even at the loss of your friendship, which, as you know, is very dear to me.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

Theodore Roosevelt, Esq.,
30 East 42nd Street,
New York City.

Six days later, Mr. Roosevelt replied. His answer is a masterpiece of invective. His tributes to my understanding, to my loyalty, to my intellectual accomplishments, are forgotten. His pen splutters venom. So, at least, I thought at the time. Re-reading the letter now, I feel that he would not have written at all if his anger against me had not been hitched to the wraith of an old affection. Both dwelled simultaneously in his bosom. One also catches in his letter an echo of his controversy with Dr. Dernburg.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Oyster Bay, New York.

March 15th, 1915.

My dear Mr. Viereck:—In view of your second letter, I think it probable that your first letter was not intentionally offensive and that your sending it was due to mental and not moral shortcomings: therefore I answer your present letter.

I referred to the *two* last paragraphs of your former letter. Had you taken the trouble to read my book, "America and the World War," you would have seen that I spoke in defense of the Kaiser and with appreciation of him. It is of course not excusable on your part to criticize what I have written without reading it.

In your last paragraph the insinuation was that I was merely a fair-weather friend, whose misdeeds would be remembered by the Germans on both sides of the water. [This is of course a, no doubt unconscious, distortion of my remark.] Your present letter shows that this insinuation, which you did not venture to state frankly, was aimed at me; your basis being that until this war I had always "professed friendship for Germany and

the Germans." You of course cannot be ignorant that I had equally "professed friendship" for France and Frenchmen; for England and Englishmen. I not only professed it but in each case I felt it. What I have said about Germany because of her outrageous conduct toward Belgium, I would have said exactly as quickly of France and England if they had been guilty of similar conduct. Apparently you regard it as fair-weather friendship to feel good-will toward a nation and yet to condemn that nation when it is guilty of iniquity. Such an attitude on your part is of course unutterably silly; if not silly, it would be unutterably base.

You say that I have paid no heed to the facts produced on the German side of the case. I have read these "facts" carefully; and I am astounded at the effrontery of those who produce them. They establish beyond possibility of doubt that Belgium had no intention of permitting any violation of neutrality by France or England if Germany did not invade her; but that she had grown to feel it likely that Germany *would* do as Germany actually *did*, namely, break faith, and, against every rule of right and of humanity, invade her and try to subjugate her; and that of course under these circumstances she was anxious to know whether there would be any effective protection for her by the other nations that had guaranteed to give this protection. The original statement by Bethmann-Hollweg was frank and manly. It admitted that Belgium had been wronged and put Germany's case upon the only plea, that of national self-preservation, which could give it even a semblance of defensibility. The subsequent attempts to justify Germany by blackening the character of poor, unoffending, deeply-wronged Belgium have been peculiarly ignoble.

THE STORM CLOUDS BURST

Oyster Bay, New York,

March 15th, 1915.

My dear Mr. Viereck:

In view of your second letter, I think it probable that your first letter was not intentionally offensive and that you ^{lying (was due to)} sent it ~~because of~~ mental and not moral shortcomings: therefore I answer your present letter.

I referred to the two last paragraphs of your former letter. Had you taken the trouble to read my book, "America and the World War", you would have seen that I spoke in defense of the Kaiser and with appreciation of him. It is of course not excusable on your part to criticise what I have written without reading it.

In your last paragraph the insinuation was that I was merely a fair-weather friend, whose misdeeds would be remembered by the Germans on both sides of the water. Your present letter shows that this insinuation, which you did not venture to state frankly, was aimed at me; your basis being that until this war I had always 'professed friendship for Germany and the Germans'. You of course cannot be ignorant that I had equally 'professed friendship' for France and Frenchmen, for England and Englishmen. I not only professed it but in each case I felt it. What I have said about Germany because of her outrageous conduct toward Belgium, I would have said exactly as quickly of France and England if they had been guilty of similar conduct. Apparently you regard it as fair-weather friendship to feel good will toward a

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them. They establish beyond possibility of doubt that Belgium
had no intention of permitting any violation of neutrality by
France or England if Germany did not invade her; but that she
had grown to feel it likely that Germany would do as ~~she~~ ^{Germany} actually
did, namely, break faith and, against every rule of right and of
humanity, invade her and try to subjugate her; and that of
course under these circumstances she was anxious to know whether
there would be any effective protection for her by the other
nations that had guaranteed to give this protection. The origin-
al statement by Bethmann-Hollweg was frank and manly. It admitted
that Belgium had been wronged and put ^{Germany's case} upon the only ~~reasonable~~
plea, that of national self-preservation, ^{which could give it even a semblance of defensibility}. The subsequent attempts
to justify Germany by blackening the character of poor, unoffen-
ding, deeply-wronged Belgium have been peculiarly ignoble.

As you have written to me in such a tone, I give you a
piece of advice in return. No man can retain his self-respect
if he ostensibly remains as an American citizen while he is really
doing everything he can to subordinate the interests and duty of
the United States to the interests of a foreign land. You have

made it evident that your whole heart is with the country of your preference, Germany, and not with the country of your adoption, the United States. Under such circumstances you are not a good citizen here. But neither are you a good citizen of Germany. You should go home to Germany at once; abandon your American citizenship, if, as I understand, you possess it; and serve in the army, if you are able, or, if not, in any other position in which you can be useful. As far as I am concerned, I admit no divided allegiance in United States citizenship; and my views of hyphenated-Americans are those which were once expressed by the Emperor himself, ^{to Friedrich Wilhelm} when he said that he understood what Germans were; and he understood what Americans were; but he had neither understanding of nor patience with those who called themselves German-Americans.

Very truly yours,

Theodor Roosevelt

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,
New York City.

As you have written to me in such a tone, I give you a piece of advice in return. No man can retain his self-respect if he ostensibly remains as an American citizen while he is really doing everything he can to subordinate the interests and duty of the United States to the interests of a foreign land. You made it evident that your whole heart is with the country of your preference, for Germany, and not with the country of your adoption, the United States. Under such circumstances you are not a good citizen here. But neither are you a good citizen of Germany. You should go home to Germany at once; abandon your American citizenship, if, as I understand, you possess it; and serve in the army, if you are able, or, if not, in any other position in which you can be useful. As far as I am concerned, I admit no divided allegiance in United States citizenship; and my views of hyphenated-Americans are those which were once expressed by the Emperor himself, when he said to Frederick Whitridge that he understood what Germans were; and he understood what Americans were; but he had neither understanding of nor patience with those who called themselves German-Americans.

Very truly yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,
New York City.

On March 19th, I replied. My answer was stinging. Yet between the lines there was still something of my old-time admiration. The letter is, of course, intensely partisan. In reading it we must remember that it was written two years before the German Government and the United States were at war.

OFFICE OF GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

March 19, 1915.

My dear Mr. Roosevelt:—I have not yet read your book, "America and the World War." I have read your articles in the "Metropolitan" and in other places, and it was only to those utterances that I referred in my letters.

I am very glad to hear that you speak in defense of the Kaiser and with appreciation of him. Let me point out, however, that if you had done that several months ago when the Kaiser was really the center of attack you would have rendered a greater service to him than now when the attack has spent its force. One gun fired while the fortress is besieged is of far more importance than a whole arsenal after it has been relieved.

I have no doubt that you have professed friendship for France and England just as much as you have professed friendship for Germany. But as you have laid just a little more emphasis on your friendship for Germany in my presence and in the presence of other Americans of German descent, I may have been working under a misapprehension for which I am not to blame.

As far as the case of Belgium is concerned, I think that it is futile to discuss it because, as Muensterberg points out in an excellent article, which I take pleasure in enclosing, each reader interprets the facts according to his own inclination. It is quite possible for two equally able minds to reach diametrically opposed conclusions from the same evidence. I think, however, that your attitude in the Belgian matter is based on a misunderstanding of the meaning of neutrality. A neutralized state has no right to a foreign policy of its own. It has no right to make military conventions such as Belgium did with England and France. If it makes such agreements it thereby loses its character as a neutral.

If at present your mind was not colored by pro-British sympathies, you would not lay so much stress on the violation of the so-called "neutrality" of Belgium. If you could forget these perfectly natural sympathies, you would lay far more stress on the violation of the neutrality of China. Surely any American, free from either Pro-English or Pro-German sympathies, would be compelled to admit that the violation of the neutrality of China is of far more importance to us than the violation of the "neutrality" of Belgium.

I very strongly resent your insinuation that I am only "ostensibly" an American citizen while really I "subordinate" the interests and duties of the United States to the interests of a foreign land. My grandfather on my mother's side came to this country in 1848. My mother was born in California. My father is an American citizen, and so am I, although I came to this country at the age of eleven from Germany. I will not permit any one, even a president of the United States, to read me out of the country.

Your quotation of the remark of the German Emperor does not alter my attitude in the least. I am under no obligations to him and I owe no allegiance to him whatsoever. He can no more determine my status than you or any one else. That is a matter which I must settle between my conscience and the Constitution of the United States. I think that the Emperor's statement is entirely justified from his point of view. Politically, as far as the relations of nations among each other are concerned, there can be no such thing as a German-American. Racially, however, we have certainly the right to call ourselves German-Americans. In fact, in a country like this, which consists of so many different races, it is inevitable that some such classification be made. The only unhyphenated American is the American Indian.

Allow me to point out to you that you expressed no indignation whatever when I offered to aid you in organizing the German-American element in 1912. You did not doubt my authentic Americanism when I went on the stump for you. You never questioned my patriotism when I wrote the Progressive Battle Hymn. Perhaps it is a mistake to speak of us as German-Americans. We should speak of ourselves as German Americans without the hyphen. There is no more reason why I should fight for Germany than why you should go and fight for Belgium. Although you are a former president of the United States and I am only a humble poet, there is no difference whatever in our rights and duties as American citizens. If you will go and enlist under the Union Jack or join the forces of King Albert of Belgium, then I should feel that I would be under obligation to fight for Germany.

If you say that we are not American citizens, then we will reply that you must change your conceptions of "American." We believe that it has fallen to us to bring back America to a sense of true Americanism. We believe that we are better Americans than those who truckle to Great Britain. It is perfectly natural that some of our fellow citizens should sympathize with Great Britain, just as it is perfectly natural that some of us should sympathize with Germany, but the interests of this country are identical in this present conflict with the interests of Germany. They are not identical with the interests of England which now, under the pretence of declaring a paper blockade against Germany, has actually declared war on American commerce.

If you have no objection I shall be glad to publish both your letter and my reply in *The Fatherland*.

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt,
Oyster Bay, L. I.

The following two letters speak for themselves:

Oyster Bay,
Long Island, N. Y.

April 2nd, 1915.

Dear Sir:—Mr. Roosevelt's letter to you was not written for publication. He wrote you privately because of your professions of friendship for him in the past; and he does not care to permit you to advertise yourself by the publication of any correspondence with him. I am writing this at Mr. Roosevelt's direction.

Yours truly,

JOHN W. MCGRATH,

Secretary to Theodore Roosevelt.

Mr. George Sylvester Viereck,
New York City.

OFFICE OF GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

April 3rd, 1915.

Mr. John W. McGrath,
Secretary to Theodore Roosevelt,
Oyster Bay, L. I.

Dear Sir:—Mr. Viereck requests me to return your letter, as it is unfit to be kept in his files. He is sure that Colonel Roosevelt cannot be responsible for anything in such utterly bad taste as your communication.

Yours truly,

MAY BINION,

Secretary to Mr. Viereck.

A Last Message

XI.

AND yet under the smoldering embers of my reproaches, my old-time regard for Roosevelt was still latent. I printed Professor Muensterberg's sensational letter, suggesting Roosevelt as the candidate of the German Americans (much to the annoyance of my readers). Still I could not have supported him under any circumstance. As a matter of fact, I worked hard against him. The hostility of the German American element, fostered by me among others, was one of the factors that defeated his nomination by the Republican Party in 1916. He must have felt that, for he expressed his surprise to a mutual friend that I should so bitterly oppose him! I think that, ambivalently, he still had a soft spot in his heart for me. But soft spot or no, he nevertheless hit hard whenever the opportunity presented itself.

I find in my files one more letter written to Theodore Roosevelt on June 13, 1916.

OFFICE OF GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

June 13, 1916.

My dear Colonel Roosevelt:—Within the next few days Mitchell Kennerley will publish my new book of verse, "Songs of Armageddon," which contains among others my tribute to you in 1912. I deeply regret that I am unable to pay a similar tribute to you in 1916; but your own action has made it impossible for me to support you.

I do not see how any American of German descent can retain his self-respect without opposing you. I, for one, have opposed you not only because of your unjust and unneutral attacks on Germany, but because you seem to me to be wanting in that vigorous Americanism which we had a right to expect from Theodore Roosevelt.

Your partisanship appears from this: that while you protested against the violation of Belgium, never a word have we heard from you against the violation of Greece. Yet Greece is a country and Belgium only a monstrosity, a mandrake among nations. There is racially no such thing as a Belgian people. This seems to have escaped you. You also seem to have forgotten that there is such a thing as an Irish race and an Irish people. Though you have raised your voice against the alleged barbarism of Germany, you have not found one syllable to say in condemnation of the murder of Pearse and his fellow martyrs.

The most severe indictment against you, however, has been this: that in almost two years you have not uttered a single protest against the looting of American mails; British lawlessness on American soil; and the strangulation of our neutral commerce in defiance of international law. Instead of assailing the Allies for their misdeeds you have assaulted American citizens for their patriotism. You have attempted to outlaw Americans of German descent because they demanded action not only against Germany but also against Great Britain.

I do not write this to increase your bitterness, but because it is necessary in order to explain my point of view which is also the point of view of millions of my fellow citizens. Your attacks upon these citizens jointly with those of Mr. Wilson and the propagandists of Great Britain have dragged the hyphen into the arena of politics. Mr. Wilson has since desisted from his attacks; but you continued and around you

were gathered in battle array the sinister forces of Nativism. The result of this has been political division along racial lines. If the Knownothing is eliminated the hyphen will disappear also.

The night I had dinner at your house with Dr. Dernburg you said to me that you found yourself growing increasingly out of touch with your fellow citizens. Knowing this, how could you imagine that the munition press, the Morgan interests and the Brahmins of New England, were the spokesmen of the American people? Mr. Wilson, coming from an academic world, could be pardoned for such a mistake. But even he realized not very long ago that newspaper opinion and public opinion are two different things. You must admit that you have misread the heart of the American people.

This war brought to you the great opportunity of your life. If you had championed Americanism and the rights of America against the whole world, those who are now your bitterest enemies would have been your dearest friends. I feel that I have a right to say this to you because from the very beginning I maintained this attitude in my conversations and in my correspondence with you. I regret now that, under the spell of your personality, I may not have made this point emphatic enough when I was privileged to discuss the matter with you in person.

I write this letter to you because I hope that eventually you will begin to realize that those who oppose you now are probably better friends and better citizens than those who, after leading you into a blind alley with their plaudits, betrayed and deserted your cause.

Believe me, my dear Mr. Roosevelt,

Sincerely yours,

GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

Col. Theodore Roosevelt,
Oyster Bay, L. I.

I do not know whether this letter ever reached him. At that time my letters frequently went through other hands before they reached their destination. The romantic Guy Gaunt, Naval Attaché of the British Embassy, had appeared on the scene. While the Grand Fleet of the British Empire unlawfully seized my letters on the High Seas, the Naval Attaché of the British Embassy bribed office boys to pilfer my mail at home.

The Broken Leader

XII

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was the most gracious of friends. He also was the most ungracious of foes. At first he frequently attacked me, though suppressing my identity, for fear of making the welkin ring with my name. When the welkin rang, nevertheless, he openly directed his fire against me. He inspired the vicious campaign of the Vigilantes to blot out my reputation. He wrote in a preface that "Germany counts upon such men as Mr. Hearst and Mr. Viereck after the war." Even from the hospital during his last illness, he issued a manifesto, stating that the only supporters of Mr. Wilson's Fourteen Theses were "Mr. Wilson, Mr. Hearst and Mr. Viereck." When the Authors' League of America, at the suggestion of that stern warrior Gertrude Atherton, valiantly dropped my name from its roll, Theodore Roosevelt voiced his approval. In a letter to the Secretary of the Authors' League of America, Mr. Schuler, dated Sagamore Hill, July 11, 1918, Mr. Roosevelt writes:

My dear Mr. Schuler:—I cannot be at the meetings of the council, but still will be glad to have you say for me that I cordially indorse the request for the expulsion of George Sylvester Viereck from the league membership.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

I smiled to myself as I recalled: "I have only the time to send you this one line of thanks and appreciation for all your kindness," and his ringing (if resigned) message of November 4, 1912.

And yet I could not hate Theodore Roosevelt. There was something deep in my heart that went out to him at all times. When I realized that he was blinded in one eye, when I remembered my glimpse of his pain-wracked face, I understood. Tortured and disappointed, grief-stricken by the loss of his son, goaded by false friends, his body in perpetual anguish, his mind in perpetual irritation, Theodore Roosevelt was himself no more. Thwarted desires corroded his soul. Careless of consequences, Theodore Roosevelt sacrificed himself upon the altar of prejudice. For him the sinister idol assumed the lovely image of patriotism. The strain of intolerance, which had appeared many years before in his persecution of the New York *World*, broadened out until it seemed to dominate his entire being.

Martyrs have died for love of God and man. Roosevelt, under the strain of peculiar psychic conditions, was willing to die for his hates. He was equally willing to consign his political adversaries to the stake. He exhorted his countrymen to shoot German Americans in the back, with the fanatical zeal with which his precursors had burned witches in Salem. They were the same German Americans whose virtues he had so often extolled. It was he, not they, who had changed. The preacher of race

conciliation transformed himself into the Grand Inquisitor of Americanism, smelling treason everywhere, casting the eye of suspicion in every direction. None, however highly placed, was safe from the charge of "Pro-Germanism." Unluckily, the majority of his victims were his political foes. Nevertheless, one cannot withhold a measure of respect for his passionate sincerity, even if one must regard it as pathological in some of its aspects. Neither can one deny a measure of admiration to Thomas de Torquemada. Both men were not lacking in grandeur, albeit both were victims of some psychosis.

It is fortunate that the enforcement of the Espionage Act was not in the hands of Theodore Roosevelt. He is, nevertheless, responsible for nameless persecution. Paradoxically enough, he himself was the most relentless critic of the Administration. His vituperation may have served the purpose of imbuing our war preparations with new vigor, but there is no question that the spear of his wrath far overshot the mark. He strengthened the Junkers both at home and abroad, giving aid and comfort to the enemies of the enlightened policies of the United States. The war was won eventually not merely by the sword but by moral persuasion. Mr. Roosevelt almost wrecked Mr. Wilson's great moral offensive. His vitriolic abuse brushed the skirts of disloyalty. The Colonel himself never doubted the virtue of his motives. No selfish thought, I am absolutely convinced, entered his consciousness. His unconscious, however, seethed with unlovely forces seeking an

outlet in the guise of patriotic devotion. With a false password they duped the sentry at the gate, or rushed past him impetuously. Roosevelt succeeded completely in deceiving himself. He was less successful in deceiving others. The personal animus told of defeated ambition. The Roosevelt spleen was obvious even to the casual observer. No psychoanalyst was needed to diagnose his obsession.

His brain still functioned faultlessly; there was still something of the old thunder in his vocabulary; but his better self was buried in the subconscious (perhaps beyond resurrection). It is only thus that we can understand his monstrous attacks on President Wilson. Not his polemics (he was entitled to his opposition), but their malevolence revolted. To his immediate environment, the last phase of Theodore Roosevelt may seem the greatest, the most heroic. The infallible instinct of the American people rejected his rhetoric. They lost patience with him; perhaps they failed to visualize the tragic element in the spectacle of the great solitary figure on Sagamore Hill, wearing out his heart in ceaseless vexation.

Like a morose Bull Moose supplanted by a new generation, he bellowed forth his rage: there were many to listen, but few to heed. His ailment had disturbed not merely the physical equilibrium of his inner ear, but his spiritual balance. He was a "broken leader"; having freely spent, he was "spent." His gestures were still charged with nobility; a vestige of the old manner still hung about him;

but the windows of his mind, like Poe's Haunted Palace, were filled with distorted shapes.

" . . . evil things in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!) . . .

And travelers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody" . . .

Theodore Roosevelt, for hate of Wilson, recanted on the Freedom of the Seas. For hate of Germany, he repudiated his creed of Americanism. The shock of pain and disappointment, sweeping aside all resistances, brought to the surface the passions which rest unsublimated at the bottom of all human nature. Nothing can convince me that there were no pearls still hidden beneath the surface. Now and then, through troubled waters, one caught a glimpse of the buried treasure. The passing away of Theodore Roosevelt, so silent, so alone, moved me deeply. And now, by the token of ambivalence, my old-time love for him wells up. This holds true not merely of my individual case, but of the country at large.

Death has restored Theodore Roosevelt to his pinnacle. He is again the greatest American since Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln. He is again the Roosevelt of 1904 and of 1912, bearing aloft a sword and a flame.

The ancients translated their heroes to the Milky Way. We moderns clothe them with the immortality of a symbol. Divested of his faults, which were many, a man no more but a symbol, Theodore Roosevelt dead is greater than Theodore Roosevelt living. "The leader, for the time being, whoever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside, and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is 'spend and be spent.' It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds, but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind."

George Sylvester Viereck and the Critics

WHEREAS my opponents affect to deprecate, not merely my politics, but my verse, I cite herewith in my behalf a host of witnesses, each a citizen of the Republic of Art and Letters. Out of their own mouths (whatever their testimony may be worth) some of my most inveterate foes may find themselves confuted.

VERSE—

Nineveh and Other Poems

The Candle and the Flame

Songs of Armageddon and Other Poems.

"Indeed, a poet of original mind and an exceptionally forcible and magnetic literary gift."—*Richard Le Gallienne, in the North American Review.*

"Shot through with the splendors of Heine, Swinburne and Keats."—*James Huneker, in the North American Review.*

"Color, passion, music and imagination."—*The Dial.*

"Mr. Viereck has probed the depth of life in some of its phases."—*Charleston News and Courier.*

"An extraordinary talent reveals itself on every page."—*Freie Presse, (Vienna).*

"Splendor of language and astonishing dexterity in rhyme and rhythm."—*Vossische Zeitung, (Berlin),*

"George Sylvester Viereck is Germany's first contribution to American literature."—*Professor Hugo Muensterberg, of Harvard University, before the Boston Authors' Club.*

"One of the most brilliant and remarkable personalities of the time. . . . One of whom the world is talking much to-day, and will talk of much more in days to come."—*J. William Lloyd, in the Conservator.*

"A new phenomenon in American verse. The contrast between his poems and those of Longfellow or Bryant is as striking as anything in literature."—*Francis Lamont Pierce, in Moods.*

"Undisputably a poet."—*Clayton Hamilton, in the Bookman.*

"He speaks in spontaneous and eloquent verse, melodious with memories of the recurrent haunting harmonies of Poe, the sea-surge of Mr. Swinburne, and the plangent tenderness of Oscar Wilde, and ringing also with a certain hammerblow of passion which is entirely his own."—*Clayton Hamilton, in the North American Review.*

"A gift straight from the gods."—*Edward H. Clement, in the Boston Transcript.*

"Swinburne—for good or ill—has taught him much. . . . On one reading you pronounce him a decadent. But if you read again (and every poet can properly expect to be read twice and thrice before being judged) you must admit some noble elements of thought and strength and pathos. His early maturity of art is only more remarkable than the breadth and depth of some of his conceptions."—*William Ellery Leonard, in the Boston Transcript.*

"A slight affectation of cynicism and of worldly wisdom sits not ungracefully upon him, but one forgets and forgives it easily enough in view of the passionate sincerity of his best poems. For of one thing there is no doubt: Viereck has lived these poems of his."—*Ludwig Lewisohn, in the Sewanee Review.*

"Perhaps no poet now writing is more proficient in the loud symphonious lay."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"Awakened the profound amazement of two continents."—*Madeleine Doty, in the New York Times.*

"The artist is there, the genius and the master."—*The Philadelphia Record.*

"Bold to the point of audacity, but his treatment of themes which in inferior hands might easily be repellent, is spiritualized by the purity of his imagery and the splendor of his ever-musical verse."—*Boston Courier.*

"The fire of genius is in him, not the *ignis fatuus* of decadence. The New World poet has arrived."—*Philadelphia North American.*

"Mr. Viereck has already attained a position among the foremost leading writers of verse."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Mr. Viereck is not bound by a land or a tongue, for he is a singer in the world chorus with Catullus, Anacreon, Moore, Baudelaire, Wilde."—*Louisville Herald.*

"Talent, Mr. Viereck has—talent and a wonderful sense of poetic art; and courage, too."—*New York Evening Sun.*

"Mr. Viereck reveals a vast knowledge of life. . . . That he possesses gifts of no mean order and the lyrical power that cannot fail to raise him to a high place among modern poets there is no gainsaying."—*Charles Hanson Towne, of the Vigilantes, in Town Topics.*

"The most promising figure in our poetic horizon."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

"Since the marvellous Chatterton, it is doubtful whether there has appeared so mature a mind in so young a body as is displayed in the genius of George Sylvester Viereck."—*Chicago Examiner*.

"The most individual of modern poets. . . . A picturesque personality which he transcribes into every line of his work."—*Denver Republican*.

"He cannot be called a minor poet."—*Boston Advertiser*.

"What Mr. Viereck may do is hard to prophesy in his present level of youthful achievement. But it is difficult to believe that he will not some day reach still higher levels."—*Boston Transcript*.

"There is in him that divine spark which we call genius."—*Harvey Maitland Watts, in The Fortnightly*.

"There can be no question that he possesses in a high degree that quality of finality which he accepts as the ultimate criterion of art. Critics have laid special stress upon the passion and color and movement of his poetry, upon its dynamic forces of emotion and upon the sensuousness, now harsh, now suave of his imagery. Certainly Mr. Viereck possesses these things in a striking degree, but we prefer as more fundamental to dwell upon his idealism, upon the manner in which his poems seem to take shape in his mind and spring into life not through beautiful words or seductive measure alone, but through the active operation of the intellect."—*William Aspenwall Bradley, in the New York Times Saturday Review of Books*.

"Not in a decade perhaps has any young person been so unanimously accused of being a genius. And Viereck agrees very heartily with his accusers."—*Isaac F. Marcossan, in the Saturday Evening Post*.

"A remarkable and charming poet. . . . I should say from what I know of him that Viereck would not be very strongly American or German or anything else except poetic. . . ."—*Ellis Parker Butler, of the Vigilantes and the Advisory Council of the Authors' League of America, in the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle*.

"George Sylvester Viereck may not be a good American, but he is a good American poet."—*Montgomery Advertiser*.

"Mr. Viereck is a poet as well as a patriot."—*Victor Rosewater, in the Omaha Bee*.

"He is a prince of a poet."—*The Fra (East Aurora)*.

"The good poets of America can be counted on one hand by a hero just returned from the front who had nine fingers shot away. This poet is Mr. Viereck."—*Aleister Crowley, in The International*.

"To write beautifully in a language not that of one's native land, is given to few poets. Most of the contemporary poets are at least one generation removed from Europe, Mr. George Sylvester Viereck being a distinguished exception."—*Joyce Kilmer, in the Literary Digest*.

"You may be shocked by Mr. Viereck's poems, but you will read them and you will find yourself remembering many lines unconsciously for their clean-cutness, their rhyme and rhythm. Hyphenated or not, George Sylvester Viereck is a poet and a poet with a punch."—*William Marion Reedy, in the St. Louis Mirror*.

"Marked by Teuton vigor and aggressiveness impossible to overlook. Mr. Viereck has done some daring things in poetry in the past, but in this book, although he by no means verges on mildness, his voice is tempered and restrained by a deeper note of sincerity and pathos. . . . There is perhaps no poet living in America to-day who possesses more facility in verse form than Mr. Viereck. He is always dexterous in effect and execution, always prodigal in color and swing and imagery."—*Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, in the Poetry Journal*.

"Marked by virility and imagination. There is a dash and swing to his lines that stir the pulses. He succeeds in making his voice heard above the inharmonious jangle."—*San Francisco Bulletin*.

"There are lovely things, even great things in "Nineveh."—*Editorial in the New York Times Saturday Review of Books*.

"His airy spires and minarets of imagery and music are based upon the solid rock of human experience."—*Elsa Barker, in the New York Times*.

"Worthy of the proudest name in the language—poet. Should such a poem as the 'Haunted House' be printed anonymously in the obscurest journal in the land, it would instantly attract the attention of every critic and poetry lover."—*Edwin M. Robinson, in the Cleveland Leader.*

"Viereck has surely 'touched the magic string.'"—*Augusta Chronicle.*

"All deductions made, all regrets scored, his book comes nearer being great poetry than anything that is recent."—*Indianapolis Star.*

"Fine and sure technique . . . genuine lyrical gift."—*Don Marquis, in Uncle Remus's Magazine.*

"His consciousness of life is incandescent in its intensity."—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Saturated with the music of two languages."—*Duluth News-Tribune.*

"Remarkable imaginative endowment and technical mastery."—*The Nation.*

"Few young writers of verse born in this country have ever written a clearer, more straightforward and simple, or more vigorous English style."—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

"Gems of exquisite poetry, poems shimmering with rainbow coloring, verse unsurpassed in virility, steel-forged structures created from the red-hot iron of a powerful imagination."—*T. Everett Harré, author of "Shadow Huns," in the Philadelphia North American.*

"Brother to Baudelaire, cousin German to Heine, pupil of Poe, disciple of Swinburne, Rosetti and Oscar Wilde; yet for all that, arrayed in singing robes of his own original diction. . . There is nothing anaemic in his work."—*Life.*

"The work . . . is, as a whole, loftily imagined and pleasing."—*Edinburgh Scotsman.*

"His volume of poems has taken the literary world by storm, and has aroused even the sleepest critics."—*Smart Set.*

"An appealing singer, the most talented this country has heard in many years."—*Boston Advertiser.*

"Just as Wilde divorced the English drama from ethics, so has Viereck divorced American poetry from morality. . . . Only the stringent moralists will deny that Viereck is a true poet. Something of the plumage of Wilde, the music of Heine, the diabolism of Baudelaire, the beef of Rabelais, has got into his poetry. He has dared score his pot-hooks in the key of C sharp."—*The Ring-master, in Town Topics.*

"Judged artistically, Viereck's book measures high—far higher than 'Nineveh.' He has attained in 'The Candle and the Flame,' a lyric intensity which at times is little short of marvelous. . . .

"Viereck explains that this is to be his last book of poetry. . . . Alas, America is to lose one of her brightest, perhaps her very brightest, poetic luminary! A loss, indeed, it is in a country where the bosh-bard is triumphant, where genius is almost unknown, where we still cling pathetically and touchingly to the idea that James Whitcomb Riley is a great poet, where verse is bought and paid for by the inch, where Henry Van Dyke, Richard Burton, Cale Young Rice and Florence Earle Coates are written about eloquently by our leading critics, where our standards of poetic taste are based on moralistic superstitions and mediaeval theology, where sentimentality takes the place of emotion and where insipidity is the criterion of magazine acceptances."—*Willard Huntington Wright, in the Los Angeles Times.*

"Only in the light of the circumstances that we failed to throw off the yoke of Great Britain through our revolutionary war it is possible to interpret the message of George Sylvester Viereck. . . .

"The United States, then, is eighteen century England with giant corporations instead of the great landlords. Every now and then the British rediscover us and we get a new idea. It seemed as if this would have to go on forever. Suddenly the Liberator appeared. His name is George Sylvester Viereck. . . .

"Had George Sylvester Viereck been born in England and had his verse come back to us from London, there would have been no more notion of his decadence than of Meredith's or Brownings. Had George Meredith or Robert Browning been Americans, no one in this country would have heard of them until some Englishman wrote in the 'Saturday Review' that they are great. Think of Whistler! . . .

"It is the grand originality of George Sylvester Viereck to be unable to look at life, at poetry, at humanity through English eyes. He sees them with his own. . . .

"What Hamilton achieved for us politically is to be wrought in a wider sphere, let us hope, by George Sylvester Viereck."—*Alexander Harvey, in the St. Louis Mirror.*

PROSE—

A Game at Love and Other Plays

The House of the Vampire

Confessions of a Barbarian

"Mr. Viereck's idea is not to write long plays and books leading his characters through a maze of psychology, but to present their lives at the climacteric moment. . . . This is an ambition which any writer of fine fiction or drama will appreciate as being at once admirable and difficult of attainment. But one does not hesitate to bear witness that Mr. Viereck has done what he set out to do."
—*Chicago Tribune*.

"For originality and artistic distinction the work of George Sylvester Viereck deserves special attention."—*New York Evening Post*.

"We would give millions, if we had them, if all the writers and spouters after whom the crowd runs, could use the English language one-half so well as does George Sylvester Viereck in his little book of plays."—*New York Evening Mail*.

"A literary form of uncommon greatness and seductiveness."
—*The Nation*.

"We find in Mr. Viereck's plays the same youthful fire, imagination and originality in thought and expression which brought him glowing praise for his verse. He is a born artist in composition."
—*Town and Country*.

"Variegated and flexible style, full of color, music and mental sparkle."—*St. Louis Mirror*.

"High and rare literary qualities . . . subtle character sketches with a peculiar charm and pathos."—*Philadelphia North American*.

"Mr. Viereck has dealt boldly, yet subtly with problems of modernity. . . . His characters talk Nietzsche, and delight in emotional gymnastics. But under each of these plays lies a great, vital, eternally human truth."—*Buffalo Courier*.

"Too highly colored for complete purity of tone, too elliptical in spite of its admirable conception of phrase to escape the frequent charge of obscurity, his prose was, nevertheless, by virtue of the high emotional imaginative level maintained throughout, a very remarkable achievement and immediately recognized as the prose of a poet."—*William Aspenwall Bradley, in the New York Times Saturday Review of Books*.

"With gripping fidelity of portrayal this vampire of genius is projected into life. It is quite clear, both as regards his appearance and his effect on others, that this vampire could have been conceived only upon the soil of America with its mystical and symbolical currents. The book in style and theme has a cultural and historical value which far surpasses the transient interests of the day."—*Lokalanzeiger (Berlin)*.

"The idea is original and the form is well wrought and brought to an end which justifies and expresses the whole course of action. The idea is one I begin to believe in, in the metaphysical sense; moreover, I have often said that the general intelligence of all England had to suffer that we might have one Shakespeare and one Coleridge. But Mr. Viereck has made a really impressive story out of a symbol. It rather suggests Wilde, but Wilde would have spoilt it by decoration and left it vague in the end. There is certainly force in it and it insists on being read straight through."—*Arthur Symons*.

"This is an intense book. . . . It is just the right sort of book for us children of an age that is so well versed in the fourth dimension that it can cite ghosts like servants. The idea that a genius is merely an incarnation of the intellectual values of his age, clearly expressing what labors obscurely in the minds of all, may be fantastic, but it is certainly well worthy of serious thought and investigation."—*Nachrichten (Hamburg)*.

"In this, his first story, George Sylvester Viereck who astonished the world as a poet will astonish it more as a teller of tales."—*Los Angeles Times*.

"A new sensation in literature."—*Salt Lake City Tribune*.

"Regarded as a bit of purely imaginative literature, it may be classified under the same head as 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde' and 'The Picture of Dorian Gray.'"—*Philadelphia Record*.

"The story is not, as has been said of it, morbid, because there is left behind it a conception too large for morbidness."—*Minneapolis Tribune*.

"Not since 'The Picture of Dorian Gray' has there been such an uncannily clever novel. . . . It is an experiment in empiric psy-

chology whose style suggests the staccato sophistication of Edgar Saltus and much of the brilliancy and the rhythmic diction of Oscar Wilde. . . ."—*St. Louis Mirror*.

"The story grips the mind constantly . . . a little too much for midnight repose, and that is a tribute."—*Atlanta Constitution*.

"A tale of horror, keyed from the first word to the last in the highest key of tragic emotion."—*New York Times*.

"The book takes hold of you with sinister effect, and the shade of the 'Vampire' remains hovering about long after the closing words have been read."—*Pittsburgh Index*.

"Tremendous power. . . . It is not a pleasing story but a marvelous one."—*Buffalo Courier*.

Mr. Viereck is justified in his work and there is sufficient evidence that if he began as a Wunderkind, he is maturing into a true and finished artist."—*Wm. H. Watts, in the Philadelphia Press*.

"The idea of the spiritual vampire which we have had in literature before is here brought by Mr. Viereck at least to the very edge of the Theosophical principle of mystery which underlies it."—*Joseph Edgar Chamberlin, in the New York Evening Mail*.

"A force to be reckoned with in the literary world."—*Louisville Courier and Journal*.

"It is as brilliant in its way as his poems."—*Cambridge Tribune*.

"His style in many ways inevitably confesses the poet."—*Michael Monahan, in the Papyrus*.

"The reader of the 'House of the Vampire' is drawn as the magnet draws the metal, yea, as the spider engulfs the fly."—*Portland Oregonian*.

"A book that captivates the mind of whoever picks it up."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"'The Confessions of a Barbarian'" are just the kind of irritant that is needed by a people who fancy themselves imperial when they are, in fact, only parochial. There's some mighty good de-

mocracy too, let me tell you, in Mr. Viereck's apparently unqualified approval of some of the methods of democracy and autocracy. He writes about things that young men rarely dare to write about in this country. They are things that are a very integral part of life, of letters, of art. They are the things the ignoring of which in American life, letters and art is responsible for the fact that we can hardly be said as yet to have either letters or art, or even a life that has any other purpose than the shaping of all our brain convolutions into dollar marks."—*William Marion Reedy, in the St. Louis Mirror.*

"As Moore made English and American readers appreciate the true point of view with which one should regard French life, and especially the French artistic genius, so Viereck makes it very clear to one why Germany is a great nation and how far the Germans surpass us in appreciation of the amenities of life and in the enjoyment of the harmony and beauty of the artistic work in poetry, painting, music and other arts. The author has no false shame; he has the candor and the lack of self-consciousness that mark Rousseau of the old sentimental age and of George Moore of to-day. He says savage things of American life, but there is no malice in them any more than there is in his sharp strictures on German life and a character. . . . In the tail of every paragraph is an epigram or a paradox. Reading them is like watching bomb skyrockets explode; one never knows what new combination or effect will be produced."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

"The spectacle of young Viereck spanking two nations in his 'Confessions of a Barbarian' is enough to arouse the marble bust of his once famous grandmother, Edwina Viereck, at the Royal Theatre of Berlin; or to stir the envy of the first and only Shavian G.B.S. . . . His book is flown with the frank insolence and effervescing wine of brilliant youth."—*James Huneker, author of "Overtones," "Iconoclasts," etc.*

"Your 'Confessions of a Barbarian' are great—the best ever."—*Elbert Hubbard.*

"It is needless to say that the book is worth while. It is in fact very remarkable. It will make every thinking person think. It is very diverting."—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

"He writes cleverly—and more than cleverly at times—and he usually has something to say. . . . And because the writer's personality is interesting and his art undeniable, the book has its charm."—*New York Times*.

"One hopes that he will go on producing literature of this personal sort. We need some leaven of that kind in our arid waste of cut-and-dried print. 'Confessions of a Barbarian' is equally entertaining whether you are American or European; the contrast between the countries and the peoples are skilfully and boldly drawn."—*Town Topics*.

"This book of Mr. Viereck's is needed in America. It is a small book, but it is a book in the right direction. In it there is intellectual and temperamental enjoyment. . . . In one sense there is genius in the book . . . many things are said in so individual a way that the fact of genuine perception is apparent."—*The Bookman*.

"The book contains some of the most brilliant remarks which have been made about the two countries."—*Prof. Hugo Muensterberg, author of "The Americans," etc.*

"There seems to be nothing in the way of his becoming one of the best known and admired writers in the English language. At present his outlook is narrow, but his thought strikes deep root . . . worthy of a place in every library."—*Boston Courier*.

"It is one of the best things of its kind ever done and ranks with Moore's 'Confessions of a Young Man' and Wilde's 'Intentions.' I knew you were a genius and expected you to write fine prose as well as poetry, but was not prepared for so much maturity of thought and observation. It has all sorts of delights in it and you even show your tact in your audacity and youthful egotism. They might almost be calculated, not quite, however: they ring true. It is really a remarkable work."—*Gertrude Atherton, Member of the Vigilantes and of the Advisory Council of the Authors' League of America*.

"The book is shocking as it should be. It is very exceptional, stands almost alone among American books, because it assumes that Americans may be, and perhaps are in some respects, rela-

tively inferior, futile, and stupid. . . . Your book is an acid to cut the grease of our unctuous complacency. . . . It is not necessary to agree with what you say in order to be filled with delight at the freedom and face with which you say it. The 'Confessions of a Barbarian' is a memorable event because for the first time in the history of American letters our national smugness is invaded by a stimulating and poetic shudder of self-scorn."—*Dr. Charles Ferguson, author of "The University Militant," etc.*

"Warranted to chase away the megrims and add to the world's measure of literary brilliancy."—*Philadelphia North American.*

"His brain is a diamond that flashes forth experience in phrase and epigram without end. . . . Startling ideas tumble over each other. . . . The book is assuredly an astonishing work. It sparkles, goads and irritates, it invites admiration and profanity."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Mr. Viereck has written not only verse of blood and fire, we must go back to the Confession of St. Augustin to find an equally straightforward self-portrait. It is most difficult to speak two languages correctly, but to express one's inmost and finest emotions in two languages is indeed a difficult task. Viereck accomplishes both. We must go back to the fourth century to find a similar instance."—*Dr. A. Brandl, Professor of English Literature at the University of Berlin.*

"An unmistakable talent, a gift that is as striking as it is temperamental. After considerable achievements as a German lyricist, Viereck turned to English as a vehicle for his poetry. In his novel, "The House of the Vampire," he follows in the footsteps of Poe. His conception is curious and original. The book contains much psychological subtlety. In the "Confessions of a Barbarian" Viereck reveals himself as a brilliant stylist. May his Christian names foreshadow his future. Like St. George may he battle with the dragon of bigotry wherever it raises its head, and, like St. Sylvester, may he help to usher in the New Year."—*Ludwig Fulda.*

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JACKSON PRESS, Inc.
202 E. 42nd St.
NEW YORK

